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MAGAZINE of the SOUTHWEST

DECEMBER, 1963

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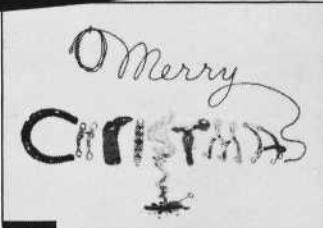


The Cowman's Faith

332 The Cowman's Faith—Greeting is a warm and friendly western verse.



333 Desert Trails—May the warmth and friendliness of the Christmas Season be with you through the Coming Year



335 Merry Christmas—and Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season



336 When winter chores are done—May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You Throughout the Coming Year



338 Friendship at Christmas—A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



340 ... from the two of us!—With Best Wishes at Christmas and through all the New Year!



341 Waitin' out the Storm—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



342 Girl and Friends—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



344 Desert Candelabra—May the Spirit of Christmas be with you and Happiness be yours throughout the Coming Year



345 A friendly Christmas Greeting—With Best Wishes for the Season and a Prosperous New Year



346 The Lord's Candles—May the wonderful Spirit of Christmas be with you through all the Year



348 Cowboy Santa—Greeting is a humorous verse describing this color photo of an original wood carving.



350 Thinkin' of you at Christmas—With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season



352 Cathedral of the West—May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You Throughout the Coming Year



353 "They presented unto Him gifts—"—May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas abide with you through all the Coming Year



354 Frosted Steam—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



355 Winter Chores—Appropriate western verse is on front of card. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



356 Christmas Dawn—To wish you a Blessed Christmas and a New Year of Happiness



360 Greetings, Neighbor!—With Best Wishes at Christmas and a Happy New Year from Our Outfit to Yours!

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Desert

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CANYON ROADS ARE GATEWAYS TO UTAH'S FALL GRANDEUR WHERE THE QUAKING ASPEN AND OTHER DECIDUOUS TREES FORM EXCITING COLORS AGAINST THE GREEN BACKGROUND OF PINES. WELL MAY WE HARKEN TO THE POET'S ADVICE TO "GO FORTH, UNDER THE OPEN SKY, AND LIST TO NATURE'S TEACHINGS."

THE SOUTHWEST IN DECEMBER by JACK PEPPER

CHEERS FOR CHIA. Harrison Doyle has been besieged with letters and telephone calls as the result of his article on Chia, the ancient Indian energy food, in the October issue of DESERT. Although he has answered all letters, it was impossible to go into detail for each one so in "Letters From Our Readers" in this issue Mr. Doyle gives a detailed answer to the most common questions.

GHOST TOWN GHOUL. Before you buy an old ghost town check it for ghoulish gimmicks, is the advice of Miss Ettie Lee, 77-year-old aunt of Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall. According to an Associated Press dispatch, she has sued a real estate broker for \$460,000 damages, claiming a desert ghost town she bought had hidden defects and was over-valued. She claims the town of Death Valley Junction, which she bought three years ago, needs a new sewer system and does not have enough water, among other things. No mention was made of the presence or non-presence of ghosts.

NEW UTAH RESORT. A new multi-million dollar winter and summer resort near Salt Lake City will officially open by the middle of Decem-

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner).
Jack Pepper, Publisher

ber. Breathing new life into the picturesque mining community of Park City, Utah construction of the first phase of the Park City Resort is already \$2,000,000. Preliminary facilities include 2½-mile long aerial tramway, longest in the western hemisphere, a 9-hole golf course which eventually will be 18 holes and complete ski facilities, among other attractions. It will be known as the Treasure Mountain Resort Area.

WE'RE OLDER THAN WE THOUGHT. Prehistoric man "might quite possibly" have reached the New World as early as 35,000 or 40,000 years ago, according to a recent statement by Dr. Henry B. Collins of the Smithsonian Institution's Bureau of American Ethnology. Previous estimates were for a mere 20,000 to 30,000 years ago. For other interesting facts and comments on early man, see "How Early Was Early Man" in this issue of DESERT.

CRAZY OVER CENTENNIAL. Preparations for Nevada's 1964 Centennial are in full swing, according to Clyde Anderson, executive secretary. The Silver State will be "100 years young" next year with all of the seventeen counties planning activities the year 'round. A Nevada Centennial Magazine, bronze medallions, a special decanter and dozens of other unique souvenirs are being made for the celebration. Information can be obtained by writing to the Nevada State Centennial Commission, State Building, Reno, Nevada.

HOT LAKE. An underground lake of boiling brine has been accidentally tapped near the Salton Sea in Imperial Valley, California by a company drilling a well 5,232 feet to tap underground steam to generate electricity. They found not only steam, but also a strange brine deposit that was too hot to handle with available instruments. Reports state the brine contains sodium, potassium, calcium and other minerals. It is hoped the discovery will shed light on how ore deposits were formed millions of years ago.

DECEMBER CALENDAR. 1—Imperial Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Holtville, Calif. Annual North Park Toyland Parade, San Diego. Arizona Yacht Club Races, Canyon Lake near Phoenix, Ariz. 7—Santa's Water Lane Parade, Bullhead City, Ariz. 8—Miracle of Roses Parade, Scottsdale, Ariz. 8-9—Water Ski Meet, Parker, Ariz. 15—Las Posadas Parade and Festival, Mission San Luis Rey, San Diego. Handel's "Messiah," Cedar City, Utah. 28-29—National Horse Show, Brawley, Calif. 29—Gymkhana, Rancho de los Caballeros, Wickenburg, Ariz. December through February—Moby Dick parade of whales, Point Loma, Calif. For other Christmas Parades, check with Chambers of Commerce.

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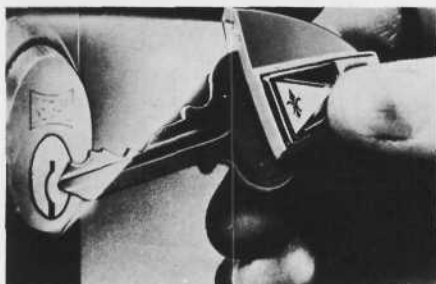
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NEW IDEAS for DESERT LIVING

By DAN LEE

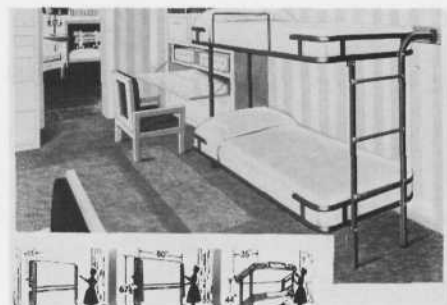
Survival Kit—

This newly offered SURVIVAL KIT has everything the desert wanderer might need in an emergency: night flares, distress flags, signal mirror, matches, flashlight, and even a distress whistle. Foods include tropical chocolate, dextrose wafers, malted milk tablets, and pemmican. Canned water is also provided. A fishing kit and first aid kit, suntan lotion, and insect repellent are added touches. Packed in a weatherproof case, with a storage life advertised at five years, this new SURVIVAL KIT at \$39.50 should be a logical choice for the 4-wheeler, desert prospector, and cabin owner. From the Winslow Company, Dept. DM, P. O. Box 1507, Venice, Florida



Fold-Up Bunk Beds—

Here's a genuinely practical item for any desert home — or even for your weekend cabin. Steel bunk beds that fold up out of the way. These new SKIPPER BUNK BEDS are attractive, sturdy, and require only four wall fasteners and two floor attachments. The special counter-balanced beds lift easily, operate on nylon bearings silently and smoothly. The entire unit of two bunk beds, mattresses, and zig-zag springs sells for just \$89.50, from SKIPPER BUNK BEDS, 1000 N. Greenville, Richardson, Tex.



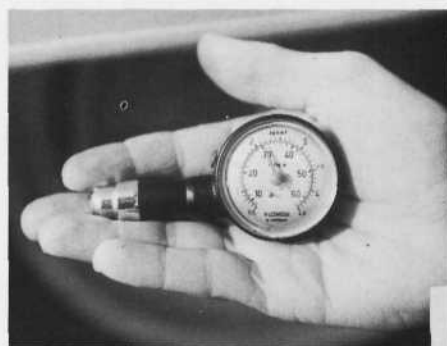
Infra-red Sun Gun—

That's what they call it . . . the SUN GUN. It gets its name from the ability of SUN GUN to throw infra-red heat rays around the camp, trailer, or home patio. It'll cook a steak in 7 minutes, heat frozen foods, and handle all kinds of jobs requiring a portable heater. Based on the relatively new concept of thermocatalytic heat, instant direct-ray radiant heat is produced at the touch of a match. An interesting new item, said to provide up to 500 hours of operation life per fuel cell. From SUN GUN, Dept. DM, Polyplastic Forms, Inc., Gazza Blvd., Farmington, N.Y.



New Tire Tester Gauge—

Because gas-station gauges are generally unreliable, it's difficult to keep precise inflation pressures in car or trailer tires. Correct inflation can reduce road-sway and cut tire wear by 18% or more, and will yield better handling by the simple expedient of equalizing tire pressure on all four wheels. Few people realize how important this is, but the new AIR TEST TIRE pressure meter will make tire checking easy—and accurate. This beautiful imported dial-face pressure gauge comes from West Germany, has a scale from 5 to 64 pounds, and is finished in handsome black and chrome. Just touch it to the tire valve, it locks the needle on the precise pressure and holds the reading until the button is released. Priced at \$4.95, from P. O. Box 31, Dept. DM, San Dimas, Calif.





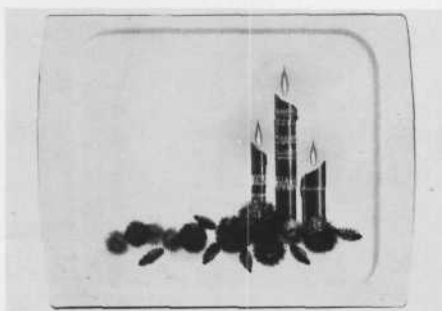
Vacation Water Bottles—

Extra water capacity for boating and camping in desert areas is always handy, sometimes critical. The new VACATION WATER BOTTLES are made of high-impact white polyethylene plastic and are safe, sanitary, and extremely low in weight. The one-gallon jug sells for \$1.65; the 2½ gallon jug \$2.85, and the 5-gallon jug \$4.95—all postpaid prices. This new line features a built-in carrying handle, unbreakable construction, and the rectangular shape permits easy carrying and stacking. By mail, from VACATION WATER BOTTLES, P. O. Box 591, Dept. DM, Chino, Calif.///



Ice That Looks Like Golf Balls—

That's right—you'll swear your drinks are cooled by ice-colored golf balls. This novel idea consists of a tray of quality golf balls which, after emptying, becomes an ice molding tray. The ice balls bear an amazing resemblance to the real thing. Called the 19TH HOLE Ice ball Tray, the unit sells for \$6.00, including six golf balls, from Marvic Corp., Dept. DM, 861 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Gay Season Serving Trays—

White fiberglass serving trays with attractive season murals make the new holiday and Yuletide trays both practical and appealing. Retailing at just \$2.95 each, these handsome trays stand out from run-of-the-mill stamped trays. No clips necessary to grip legs. Trays can be placed on table tops without scratching the surface, and of course, fiberglass outlasts metal in some areas. Soon available nationally, or write Bogert's Inc., Dept. DM., 5315 Laurel Canyon Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif.



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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carlson

TURKEY SALAD

- 3 cups diced cooked turkey
- 1 cup seedless grapes
- 1/2 cup cashew nuts
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup sweet pickle relish
- 6 tablespoons mayonnaise

Combine all ingredients, adding nuts last. Serve in lettuce cups. Slices of unpeeled red apple in place of the grapes adds color.

ALMOND TURKEY DELIGHT

- 1/4 cup almonds
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/3 cup water
- 3 cups cooked rice
- 2 cups diced cooked turkey

Sliver almonds and brown lightly in butter. Remove from pan, and blend flour with remaining butter.

Add 1 can chicken consomme and the water slowly and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until sauce is thickened. Add salt. Place rice in bottom of casserole. Top with turkey, and sprinkle with toasted almonds. Cover with sauce. Bake for 20 or 25 minutes, or until thoroughly heated and sauce is bubbly.

TURKEY SOUFFLE

- 5 slices bread
- 2 cups diced turkey
- 2 cup grated American cheese
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper and paprika
- Trim crusts from bread and butter
- Cut in to 1/2 inch cubes

Arrange layers of bread, turkey, 1 1/2 cups cheese, bread, turkey, bread in greased 1 1/2 quart casserole. Beat eggs with milk and seasonings.

Pour over mixture in casserole. Place casserole in shallow pan in which hot water is 1 inch deep. Bake in slow oven, 325 degrees, for 45 minutes. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and bake 40 minutes longer. 6 to 8 servings.

TURKEY SUPREME

- 1 can asparagus spears
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 cup grated sharp cheddar cheese

8 thin slices cooked turkey
1/4 cup chopped almonds
Melt butter and blend in flour. Add milk, salt and Worcestershire sauce. Cook and stir until thickened.

Arrange drained asparagus spears on flat buttered baking dish. Top with sliced turkey and pour sauce over top. Sprinkle cheese over this. Place under broiler and heat until lightly browned. Sprinkle with almonds and serve at once.

TURKEY CHINESE NOODLES

- 2 cups diced turkey
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup cashew nuts
- 1-3 oz. can Chinese noodles
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 1/4 cup chopped green onions and stems
- 1/2 cup broth, (may be made with chicken bouillon cubes)

Combine all ingredients together and sprinkle top with buttered crumbs.

Bake in greased casserole for about 25 minutes in 325 degree oven.

TURKEY OVER WAFFLES

- 1 can chicken soup or mushroom soup
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 cup diced turkey
- 6 waffles

Blend soup, milk, turkey and heat. Serve over frozen waffles that have been heated, or over rice.

ALMOND DIP

Combine 1 package softened cream cheese with 1/4 cup chopped roasted almonds, and 1/4 cup minced sweet pickle.

AVOCADO DIP

Combine 3 tablespoons lemon juice

- 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - Dash of Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 cup mashed avocado pulp
- Gradually add to this an 8-oz. package of Cream cheese and mix until well blended.

SHRIMP DIP

- 1 can shrimp, drained and chopped
 - 1/4 cup dairy sour cream
 - 2 teaspoons lemon juice
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1/8 teaspoon pepper
 - 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
- Mix together and place in bowl, surrounded with chips.

CHILI DIP

- 1 carton commercial sour cream
 - 1/2 cup chopped ripe olives
 - 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
 - 1/4 cup chili sauce, if thin, drain a little bit.
- Blend all to-gether.

CLAM DIP

- 1 can minced clams, drained
 - 1 tablespoon mayonnaise
 - 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 - 2 teaspoon grated onion
 - 2 teaspoon chopped parsley
 - 1-1/2 teaspoons lemon juice
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
 - 1 package cream cheese, softened
- Mix mayonnaise with cheese, add remaining ingredients and blend thoroughly. Let stand for an hour or two to allow flavors to blend.

PALM SPRINGS CREAM

- 6 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 6 tablespoons cognac
- 4 cups whipped cream
- 3 tablespoons crushed pineapple
- 3 tablespoons chopped dates (or datettes)

In top of double boiler over simmering water, beat egg yolks and sugar. Stir until mixture is thick and creamy. Add cognac and continue stirring. Remove from heat and place in refrigerator for one hour or more. When

(Continued on Page 28)

IS
THERE
A HUACO
IN YOUR
HOUSE?



THIS GENTLEMAN IS FONDLING A PRECIOUS HUACO PRODUCED BY ANCIENT INCAS OF PERU ABOUT 400 B. C.

While bottle collectors are digging in dumps and prospecting neglected closet and basement shelves, art dealers are subtly scanning their finds in search of huacos.

A huaco is the name given to any one of hundreds of varieties of clay jugs and statues made centuries ago by the Incas and their ancestors, some of whom lived thousands of years before the Spaniards came to South America. New York City art dealers say that many North Americans have a huaco around the house without even knowing what it is.

Archeologists believe, however, that there are still more huacos underground in Peru than on the shelves of dealers, collectors, and housewives.

Huacos range in size from a few inches to two feet or more. They may be simple or complicated and the subject matter is unlimited—figures of men, women, animals, birds, fish, fruits, vegetables or any combination. A huaco can tell a story, depict a fight between warriors, portray an ancient myth or even tell a joke, which we may or may not get.

As a rule, the figures are mounted on vessels or bowls, although there are huacos in the forms of houses or boats. Some huacos even contain hidden whistles which sound as eerie as the wind blowing between the

peaks of the Andes. Among the most popular and highly prized huacos are effigy figures: portrait heads realistically rendered in black or brown clay.

Students of ancient Peru believe the Incas and their ancestors placed huacos in tombs as sort of identification cards for the next world. A fisherman might be buried with a huaco showing him with his nets and catch, or a warrior shown with the trophy heads of his slain enemies.

In the language of the Incas, the word "huaca" designated the last resting place of their kings. Today the word refers to any ancient burial mound. People who dig for huacos are known as "huaceros" and the long iron rods they use to probe the sands for the underground chambers are called "huacettas".

The huaco has become such a popular symbol of Peru that one distiller puts his brandy in bottles which are reproductions of these valuable ceramic artifacts. Because of this, the astute collector will beware of imitations.

Depending upon age, condition and craftsmanship, a huaco may be worth anywhere from \$5.00 - \$5,000. Yet the price could skyrocket if the Peruvian government ever makes good on its threat to clamp down on exporters and smugglers. One of

Peru's wealthiest citizens recently donated his huaco collection, worth more than a million dollars, to Peru's national museum.

A number of these treasures acquired by North Americans came into this country as gifts or interesting souvenirs brought back by travelers. Many have been mistakenly regarded as valueless relics by uninformed heirs.

Most of the huaco treasures available in Peru's capital are brought by shoeless huaceros who search the sands of the country's coastal deserts. In many ways, these huaceros are like the 49'ers of California goldrush days, roaming the countryside with mule, huacetta, and shovel looking for a strike.

Their dream is to discover the richly laden tomb of an ancient prince, sell the huacos for more money than they've ever seen, and spend the rest of their lives listening to the radio.

But wealth is not the only dream of the huaceros. There's an ancient Peruvian legend that the possessor of a huaco will also acquire vigor and become more fascinating to the opposite sex. Breathes there a Peruvian, or anyone else, who'd not like to discover a huaco around his house?

///

Spotted throughout the Great Basin of Nevada are beds of "rock" formations which appear to have been formed the same way that the Great Barrier Reef of Australia was formed . . . as coral at the bottom of the sea.

And well it could have been so, for the entire Great Basin of the western states once formed the ancient bed of the prehistoric Lake Lahontan more years ago than you can count on your fingers, even if you take a hundred thousand years per finger.

ejected into the air which met and adhered to one another in midair and plunked to the surface of the earth in huge blobs.

Such large chunks are found in central Nevada in the Pyramid Lake region about 38 miles northeast of Reno and along U. S. Highway 40, starting about eight miles south of Lovelock and extending about six miles along the desert valley floor. This area is known locally as the Giant Tufa Park and a highway marker indicates the location.

No one was more astonished than long-time Nevada resident Vern Miller to discover that formations he'd always known as "tufa," were not really tufa at all.



Tuff, si!

Tufa, no!

The tuffs, however, which have erroneously been called tufa by many authorities for a great number of years and still today are called so by the majority of Nevadans, came from volcanic action that took place those many years ago when the Great Basin was still a sea. These are being eagerly sought by rock hunters and rock garden enthusiasts today.

The material in these tuffs, according to the latest scientific authority, erupted from the magma zone thousands of feet below the surface as fine ash and pellets. These were carried by the high winds sometimes for many miles before settling to earth. Others fell nearby, close to the eruption.

As they floated into water, such as that contained in Lake Lahontan, they settled to the bottom and mingled with the normal sediment. In addition, ash falling on bare land was later washed into lakes by rains and streams. Ashy clays and sands thus produced were converted into tufaceous shales and sandstones. The larger pellets formed the blobs that are now called tuffs.

Volcanic ash tends to travel far while pellets or the coarser ejected materials fall near to the source. Because of this, tuff varies a great deal in texture as well as chemical and mineralogical composition. It also varies in appearance from white to a dull brown and in several shapes.

Generally, the material ejected is usually thought of as fine ash or small pellets. Actually, some were much more than pellets. They were chunks

While locally they are referred to as tufas, they actually are tuffs, formed from volcanic action. "Tufa" is a name properly applied to the cellular deposits from mineral springs or waters, either siliceous or calcareous. The latter is called "calc tufa," and is a cellular variety of calcite in which the mineral matter has been deposited from the waters of springs. In the past, mineralogists have included these formations along with tuff. However, this theory is no longer sanctioned.

Prime example of tufa formations are the stalagmites and stalactites found in caves throughout the country, formed by the dripping mineral waters within those caves. There is little to indicate that the Nevada "tufas" were formed by this action, although materially tuffs and tufas are similar.

Small tuffs are found under desert sands, one type resembling toadstools. Resting on the desert floor, they vary in depth from the surface to several feet below. The ones most easily available to hunters of specimens are those easily spotted on the surface, such as a field of toadstool tuffs located near Henderson on Nevada 41.

These make an exotic addition to decorative rock gardens. It is quite an oddity, however, that they are rarely, if ever, located near the beds of giant tuffs which may reach the proportions of a four-story apartment house. The mushroom variety ranges from the size and weight of a marble to five feet in diameter, often weighing 400 pounds.

by

Vern Miller

One of the most sought after areas in the realm of tuff hunting is the Lahontan Valley of central Nevada whose center is the city of Fallon. Located sixty miles east of Reno, the northern portion of the valley contains many of the mushroom type of tuffs. Part of this area is known as the Forty Mile Desert, the Nemesis of pioneers a century ago who crossed it in covered wagons. It is more accessible now, however, being crossed from north to south by black-topped U. S. Highway 95.

This area is reached from Reno by traveling on U. S. Highway 40 to Fernley. The remainder of the distance into Fallon is traveled by U. S. Highway 95 alternate. The entire portion of the valley to the north of Fallon contains the Carson Sink and portions of the Forty Mile Desert. In this desert wasteland, numerous mushroom type tuffs are located.

Other tuffs small enough to be retrieved from the desert floor, while they may vary slightly to those found in central Nevada, are located in almost every one of the desert valleys stretching from Black Rock Desert south to Las Vegas and nearby Henderson.

For those interested in rock formations that lend themselves to exotic camera work, the giant tuffs of Pyramid Lake are readily accessible from Reno. Adjacent to both shores, giant tuffs tower over a hundred feet into the air.

A short drive around the southern end of Pyramid Lake places the tuff hunter in the Indian reservation town of Nixon, one of the headquarters for Nevada's Paiute Indians. Here the driver may turn north on State Route 34 and within ten miles is traveling along the western shore of Winne-

muca Lake, a dry lake bed that is completely surrounded by more giant tuffs.

This dry lake bed reveals yet another form of tuff — sheets of tuffaceous material similar to the thin shale of the desert's sandy areas, only greater in thickness. Often mistaken for tufa formed by mineral water action, this tuff material so closely resembles coral that unless an individual knows differently he would surely identify it as such. Found protruding in small sheets it, too, adds much to rock gardens and table centerpieces.

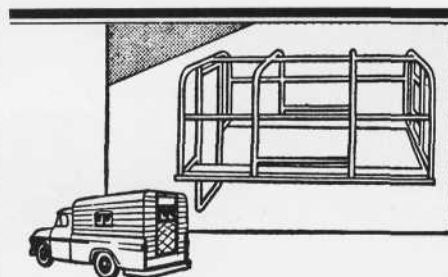
There is no need for rock hunters to chip away at giant tuffs and destroy their beauty in order to obtain a specimen, as smaller counterparts abound in the areas mentioned above.

To uncover and retrieve mushroom tuff specimens, only a sharp pointed shovel is necessary. This implement may be used to dig sand away from the tuff's edges and is strong enough to pry a weighty specimen from its sandy bed. Sometimes a pry bar is useful in locating underground tuffs, as it may be easily poked into deep sand.

Special transportation is unnecessary, as desert roads in most of these regions may be traveled by passenger car if the driver takes care in avoiding soft sand. Those who conduct their search in a 4-wheeler, however, operate at an advantage — especially when one of the larger tuffs is uncovered and the vehicle may be driven to the site.

For a day's outing, tuff hunting is hard to beat. Carry along a good picnic lunch with plenty of water and the whole family will have a "tuff" time! ///

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Ronanza in the Bradshaws

by NELL MURBARGER

With the permission of Nell Murbarger and Westernlore Publishing Company, Desert Magazine presents this condensed chapter in advance of Miss Murbarger's forthcoming book, GHOSTS OF THE ADOBE WALLS.

ARIZONA aficionados of long standing, my mother and I for many years spent the major portion of each October camping in the National Forests of Arizona and exploring the state's highways and byways. Especially the byways—the little sun-splashed, inviting, back country roads so delightfully lacking in traffic jams, high speed, carbon monoxide, and other insidious by-products of pavement. On each of our junkets we allotted at least one of our four precious autumn-vacation weeks to the fascinating sport of tracking down ghost towns in the Bradshaw mountains of Yavapai County. On other occasions I have gone there alone, and by truck, horseback and afoot, have spent days pursuing some of the more elusive of the old camps.

Yet, the Bradshaws still hold ghost towns I have not visited, and I seldom go to Yavapai County that I don't hear mentioned the name of some old camp that I have to add to my roster of Bradshaw ghosts.

In the spring of 1960 I found myself in Phoenix with a little spare time on my hands, so decided to spend a week pursuing ghost towns in the Bradshaws. Two of the old towns I especially wanted to visit were Gillett and Tiptop. Unfortunately, I was not at all sure I could locate them. Ten years earlier I had spent two days trying to find Gillett and finally had to give up the search. Several years later I had come back, armed with a sketch map and specific directions for finding the town;

but the penciled map had left me confused and confounded, and the directions had led to a sandy wash where the trail had petered out with sickening completeness.

This time I had been told to see Bill Hostetter, owner of a rockhound shop and motel in the small town of Black Canyon.

"Sure," said Bill. "I can tell you how to find Gillett. Go back about five miles to Moore Gulch. Just before you cross the bridge, turn off the highway to your right and go through the gate. The road soon forks. Take the right-hand fork—the left fork goes to an old deserted goat ranch. At the next fork keep to your left. Follow this road to the top of the hill. Before it starts down the other side of the hill, park your car. You'll have to walk the rest of the way—and when you get to the bottom of the hill you'll have to wade the Agua Fria River, because Gillett is on the other side . . ."

Having had some experience with Arizona rivers I asked if there was any danger of quicksand in the Agua Fria?

"Oh, sure!" said Bill. "But not at this time of year!"

I hadn't known that quicksand was choosy about its season; but as long as Bill said it was safe, I figured I could take a chance.

Following the directions given, it was only a little while until I was parking my car at the top of the hill, a few yards from the point where

the road tipped over the edge and started sharply down into Agua Fria Canyon. From that hilltop eminence there wasn't a ghost town anywhere in sight. Neither was there a house nor any sign of man — except, of course, the little road and my own car.

I started down the steep, rocky trail. After winding downward a considerable way, the road climbed another rise and brought me in sight of the greenery fringing the Agua Fria, still some distance below. Stirred by the great sweep of Arizona spread out before me, I raised my binoculars into position—and looked straight into the midst of a group of stone ruins on the opposite side of the river! The structures were still half masked by the dense shrubbery of the river flat; but just knowing that this time I had actually found the old ghost milling town was enough to lend wings to my feet.

Hurrying down the road to the foot of the hill, I floundered across a width of hot, seemingly bottomless sand, and halted, a little breathless, at the edge of the river. Moving lazily over its pebble-and-sand bottom, its water did not appear to be anywhere more than a foot deep. Removing my shoes and stockings I waded experimentally into the stream—still a bit apprehensive that quicksand might have changed its "season." Moments later I was scrambling through the cope of thorny brush fringing the river and knew that my destination, at last, was at hand!

My first close view of Gillett's ruins



ABOVE: CEMETERY AT McCABE, RIGHT TOP: OLD BURFIND HOTEL. BOTTOM: GOLDEN TURKEY'S GHOST OF BETTER DAYS.



thrilled me to the bottoms of my feet! Delighted as I am to find even the bare sight of a historical town, my cup of joy almost spilled over as I emerged from the thicket and looked upon a "business block" comprising seven units, arranged around three sides of a patio, or small plaza.

Several types of construction were represented. Largest of the several structures was built of white stone, its squared edges laid to the wall's outer face. Frames of the doors and windows once had been painted blue, and the building held two corner fireplaces. From descriptions read, and one picture I had seen, it was easy to recognize this as the former Burfind Hotel. Another of the ruins—this fabricated of adobe—contained hand-hewn ceiling beams decorated in orange and blue paint. Still another unit was built of random stone; a fourth, of large cobbles from the nearby river. Some of the adobe walls were plastered, others not. Most of the units contained at least one fireplace. Desert brush was crowding in jealously from all sides, and one large saguaro stood overlooking the ruins. In one corner of the patio, or plaza, quite a large hole had been dug—likely by treasure seekers.

From this first group of buildings I ranged over the desert flat to the rear. Here were numerous foundations, caved cellars, low walls, broken glass and assorted castoffs—and the beginning of a rutted road leading to Tiptop.

The Tiptop mine, which supplied

the life's blood to Gillett's mill, was discovered in 1875 by Jack Moore and Bill Corning, jackass prospectors, while on their way to Castle Hot Springs from Prescott. When word got around that even surface rock from the new discovery assayed as high as 1000 ounces of silver to the ton, a small army of prospectors moved down from the higher Bradshaws and many locations were made. A few of these, including the Eldorado, Silver Museum, the Lane, 76, Foy, and possibly others, eventually developed into fairly good mines—but none to equal the Tiptop. In 1875, Corning and Myers sold to San Francisco interests for a reported \$85,000 and, late that year, a new milling town began to take form on the Agua Fria river, eight miles from the mine. This was Gillett.

Gillett got its sealegs fast. By the end of March, 1878, three men already had been murdered there, and on April 12 the *Arizona Weekly Miner*, of Prescott, reported that the new and thriving town contained several stores carrying large stocks of goods "that will compare favorably with the mercantile houses of our own town, Prescott.

"Anders & Rowe, C. P. Head & Co., and C. T. Hayden are the owners of these mammoth establishments. A brewery has been established by Mr. Peter Arnold . . . Saloons dot the town . . . Mr. Edwards has erected a meat market . . . Building is progressing all over town and the place presents a lively appearance . . ."

Tiptop, meanwhile, had developed into a town divided into two parts. In Lower Town were located the original Tiptop mine and, later, the mill. In Upper Town were the business houses, school, several less important mines, and a spring of water that supplied the domestic needs of the camp. A short way above Upper Town, near the bottom of the gulch, was the cemetery.

At the time of my visit, the ruins of Tiptop still straggled up and down the canyon for more than a quarter of a mile. In addition to several buildings in near-habitable condition, there were numerous foundations of weathered stone, many crumbled adobe walls, and dozens of indications where buildings formerly had stood.

Next day, continuing north on the Black Canyon highway, I soon turned off on the Horsethief Basin road. Although it was too early in the year to visit the high, frosty country around The Basin and Crown King, where the road still was buried in winter's snow, other camps in the warm, dry foothills, merited attention.

After brief visits to the Gloriana mine and Bumblebee, I continued along the unpaved road leading northwesterly and was soon seeing the ruins of another mining camp. There was a big old shaft house, the foundations of a large mill, some cabins, and a huge pile of mill tailings. Near the mill stood a two-story building in good repair—evidently a one-time boarding house. There were some

petunias and other flowers in the yard, as well as a nice vegetable garden, and a few peach trees were just breaking into bloom.

My rap at the screen door was answered by a pleasant looking, middle-aged man. After explaining my interest in ghost towns I said I would like to look around the mill and take some pictures, if it would be all right?

"Why, yes! Of course," said the man. And then he asked if I had been to Cleater?

"Cleater?" I said, in surprise. "I thought *this* was Cleater?"

"Oh, no!" said the man. "This is Golden Turkey!"

After introducing himself as Charles H. Manly, my host invited me in the house to meet his wife, and the two of them gave me a run-down on history of the camp.

The Golden Turkey mine, according to the Manlys, was discovered early in the present century, but saw little production until about 1933 when the increased price of gold made it profitable to work the lower-grade ores. In the next eight or nine years, said Manly, the mine produced close to \$3,000,000 in gold and silver, with some copper and lead, but was forced to close in 1942 by the WPB order barring gold mines. Like most Western gold mines where work was interrupted by that order, it had not reopened.

"If you are going to write a story about Golden Turkey you should go through the mine," said Manly. When I said I would like that, very much, my host produced a pair of battered carbide lamps and the two of us climbed to the portal of the incline shaft about 400 feet from the house.

From the portal we started downward at an angle of about 30 degrees. It was pleasantly cool in the mine; the air was fresh and sweet. Many stopes led off from the main shaft into great chambers where the ore had been mined out, occasional pillars of rock being left to help support the ceiling. Timbering was at a minimum. Each stope we turned into sloped downward until we were halted, eventually, by a pool of pure, fresh water, ice cold and crystal clear, and extending from wall to wall.

To my surprise we eventually emerged from the lowest level of the mine and stepped out into the sunshine, having walked all the way through the underground workings.

Returning to the house we found Mrs. Manly waiting with tall glasses

of cold lemonade. We sat down on the porch to drink it, and talk. Mr. Manly said they would like to sell the property if they could get \$50,000 for it.

"But why?" I asked. "Where could you possibly find a nicer place to live?"

Manly nodded, "I know . . ." he said. "It's wonderful here. But I'd like to get about 50 acres nearer some town . . ."

"Fifty acres is too much land to take care of," said Mrs. Manly.

"Why do you want such a big place?" I asked.

My host grinned, a little sheepishly, I thought. "I'd like to keep some goats . . . and maybe a paint pony," he said.

"Fifty acres of goats!" I exclaimed.

"That's what I say!" echoed Mrs. Manly. "Fifty acres of goats!"

Back on the highway, three days later—after visiting Cleater and another place or two—I drove north to Humboldt and again turned left toward the hills. This time I hoped to locate the old town of McCabe.

Snaking through the dump of the huge Iron King mine, then the largest lead and zinc producer in the state of Arizona, I picked up a typical ghost town road and followed it back into the hills. Eventually I came upon an old cemetery, quite extensive, but with only five markers whose inscriptions could still be deciphered. Half a mile beyond the cemetery the road forked. Since there was no indication which way might lead to McCabe, I took the binoculars and climbed to the top of the highest peak in that immediate vicinity, an eminence that afforded a view for 360 degrees around. Sweeping the binoculars slowly over that immense spread of country, inspecting it canyon by canyon and ridge by ridge, I caught, at last, the glint of sunlight on broken glass! There seemed literally acres of it, and I knew this must be the old townsite.

All along the road, now, was an abundance of rubble—old tins, broken glass, fragments of crockery dishes, an old cookstove, the twisted chassis of a baby cab, splintered boards, dented powder cans, rusty horseshoes. Upon reaching the hillslope seen from the distant crest, I found it hard to believe that any mining camp could have left in its wake such a bounty of bottles! Beer bottles, champagne bottles, wine and whiskey — all empty, and virtually every one broken. This evidently, had been "Whiskey Row."

Choosing a sheltered spot in the

lee of a big rock where the sun felt pleasantly warm and the chill April breeze was broken, I settled myself comfortably on a cushion of dry, brown leaves. For a long time I sat there, looking out over the silent mill tailings, the ruined mill, the big cyanide tanks, the jumbled wreck of a big store building, the silent sepulchre of Whiskey Row.

Even to one long inured to the desolation of abandoned cities and towns, the scene was a little saddening. For nearly a week, now, I had been moving through a strange, quiet land where ghost towns far outnumbered towns still active, and the living population is vastly exceeded by the dead. Gillett, Tiptop, Gloriana, Golden Turkey, Cleater, and McCabe—as well as a dozen other towns in the vicinity I had not visited on this occasion—all had known briefly their place in the sun; each, in turn, had watched its sun go down.

An eagle was circling over the ridge to the west, soaring endlessly. On the hillslope across the canyon a couple of red-and-white calves was engaged in a lively game of tag, their thin tails held stiffly erect like little flag-staffs. In the oak brush behind the old store a pair of quail was visiting—probably discussing the best place to build their nest—and an Arizona jay was scolding in the tree overhead.

There was no doubting it longer—Spring was just around the corner. All the lower levels of the Bradshaws were greening with new grass. The first wild flowers of the season were showing their faces on slopes warmed by the sun, and each day saw the snow-line creeping higher on the shoulders of the range. Every part of the whole wonderful drama of Springtime was slipping into place, smoothly, unerringly. Every big and little player from the budding aspens to the tiniest Johnny-jump-up seemed to be waiting impatiently in the wings, ready to appear promptly on cue, exactly as it had appeared the year before and all the years before that since the dawning of Creation.

Suddenly, my melancholy mood of moments earlier was gone, as if whisked away on the fresh winds of April, and a gay, glad song seemed to be bursting inside me. What mattered worked-out mines and ruined towns, even the death of man's plans, little or great? What matter that man's works are as transitory as man himself? These are not tragedies, I knew; not really. Not as long as the miracle of Spring is eternal and everlasting.




This, not gold or silver, is the great bonanza of the Bradshaws. ///


by **Ed Ellinger**








THE days of the cattle rustler who roamed the West are gone, never to return except on a TV screen. But the fine art of branding, used to thwart the cattle thief, is still much in evidence. State-registered brands are used on all cattle outfits worthy of the name, to insure quick recognition of their stock.




The ability to read brands continues as an endowment in keeping with cowboy tradition and is closely tied to his romantic and colorful past. Brand reading is far from "book learnin'". The cowboy had to pick it up from his elders as part of his practical education. The know-how of reading brands has filtered down through each generation. It goes back to Cortez who burned three Christian crosses on the Andalusian range cattle he brought over from Spain during the conquest of Mexico. Since then, thousands of inventive brands have been burned deep into the hides of bawling calves.

Contrary to the typical Western movie, the American cowboy led a lonesome and often dull life. He made up for this in part by his colorful dress and droll way of talking. Actually, this "off-beat" attitude has spilled over into the concept of branding cattle. It is a language all its own.


Take the letter K for example. As it stands it would simply be referred to as the "K brand." But if we put it on its back  it becomes the "Lazy K"; tilt it forward  and it is known as the "Tumbling K," and if we put it on its heels  it

becomes the "Crazy K." Put a quarter circle under it  and then we know it as the "Rocking K."

Certain figures are used in many combinations, but are always read the same way. An  is simply "circle," while  is "half circle" and  is "quarter circle." The figure  is always called "rafter" while  is "slash" and this  is "bar." Thus we would refer to  as the "Rafter, Slash, Bar brand." It really isn't too difficult when you get the hang of it.

Symbols are also used and quickly recognized. The figure  would be the "Wine Glass brand," this  would be the "Anvil," and the "Key brand" would look like this .

Obviously, with the many figures and symbols used in brands, the combinations are endless. It is an art form unto itself.

In the early days of branding, the cattlemen used a narrow steel rod as a marking implement. Heated to a high temperature over an open fire, it was quickly applied to the animal's hide as one might use a pen or pencil. It was referred to as a "running brand" as exemplified by the brand of the King Ranch  which is still in use and known as the "Running W." This method of application often required several re-heatings of the rod and hence took longer and was more painful. The "hot rod" was subsequently replaced by the branding iron which requires but one application as the entire brand is recorded at once. ///

The Vanishing Bighorn

By Cloyd Sorensen, Jr.



BRANDED by many as a "vanishing species," California still has desert bighorn sheep. It is estimated that there are between 2,000 to 3,000 head of these majestic symbols of the old West in the desert mountains, mainly in the southeastern part of California.

In the United States the majority of the desert bighorn herds are in California, Nevada and Arizona. Utah has a tiny remnant herd along the Colorado and San Juan rivers that may greatly increase when the rising waters of new Lake Powell make water more available. New Mexico has some of this subspecies in the San Andres Mountains and a smaller herd in the Big Hatchet Mountains.

While many taxonomists and biologists disagree, the term desert bighorn is generally taken to include the subspecies of *Ovis canadensis* found in the desert country, including: the Mexican sheep (*mexicana*) in Chihuahua, Sonora, part of New Mexico, Arizona and perhaps a few in extreme southeastern California; the Nelson bighorn (*nelsoni*) found mainly in southeastern California

and southern Nevada; the Weems desert bighorn (*weemsi*) native to the southern part of Baja California; and the Lower California bighorn (*cremnobates*) questionably existing unintergraded in extreme southern California and northern Baja California. Other subspecies of the bighorn sheep include the common Rocky Mountain bighorn (*O. c. canadensis*) found in the northern Rocky Mountain States, southeastern British Columbia and southwestern Alberta in Canada; the Rimrock bighorn (*californiana*) once ranging the lava bed country of northeastern California, western Nevada and part of Oregon is now thought to be extinct; the Badlands bighorn that was once found in the Badlands of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana (*O. c. auduboni*) is also thought to be extinct. Other wild mountain sheep in North America are subspecies of the Dall (*dalli*) which include the white Alaska Dall (*O. dalli dalli*) and the grey or black Stone sheep (*stonei*) in British Columbia. The Fannin sheep of the Yukon and British Columbia is now thought to be a Dall-Stone intergrade.

Serious hunting sportsmen who have taken one ram from each of the four North American sheep are said to have completed the Grand Slam. To date it is thought that less than a hundred men (and women) have been this successful in the world. The stumbling block to the Grand Slam in sheep is the rarest, toughest to find and hardest to see in its native habitat—the desert bighorn.

Hunting for the desert bighorn ram, which is considered by many to be America's number one trophy game animal, is done on a highly limited drawing-permit basis once a year in Arizona, and occasionally in Nevada and New Mexico. Arizona is the only state where non-resident hunters are allowed to participate in the drawing which is limited to 10% of the permits. Here non-residents pay \$145 for their permit and license and up to a thousand dollars for a well qualified desert bighorn guide.

While the World Record desert bighorn ram was taken in 1940 in Baja California, Mexico has not had a legal bighorn hunt in years. However, there is a rumor that Mexico

will once again hold a limited hunt in the near future.

The bighorn sheep in California were protected by one of the State's first protective statues on the books in 1873. Our grandfathers, seeing the possible extinction of this species by hungry prospectors and ranchers who preferred the delicious meat of the bighorn to all other game, used unusual foresight and the best of judgment in protecting this species. Today however, still fully protected, the desert bighorn in California is fighting for it's very existence.

Faced with a serious lack of water and browse, devastating drought, shrinking desert mountain range plus competition from the ever-increasing deer herds and the over-protected feral burro, preyed upon by a few poachers and mountain lions, the desert bighorn in California may have saturated it's present range and more individuals are being produced each year than can survive under the present conditions. It is highly probable that we now have as many bighorn sheep as there ever will be unless something is done to help these animals by correcting some of these conditions. Without these changes, our desert bighorn surely fights a losing battle.

The desert bighorn in California needs less deer and burro competition, more water, more usable range, more browse, more scientific research, better management and many, many more interested friends. ///



ACCORDING TO LIMITED SURVEY INFORMATION, THIS LAMB HAS ABOUT A 40% CHANCE OF SURVIVING HIS FIRST YEAR. HE IS VERY ACTIVE AND FOLLOWS HIS MOTHER EVERYWHERE, AT TIMES BOUNCING OUT ON SHEER LEDGES AND BOUNCING FROM ROCKS. ACCIDENTS TAKE THEIR TOLL OF YOUNG LAMBS.

LEFT: UNTIL THE RUT IN DECEMBER, THE OLD RAMS ARE USUALLY LONERS. YOUNGER RAMS GROUP TOGETHER IN BACHELOR CLUBS, NEVER TOLERATING THE COMPANY OF EWES UNTIL MATING SEASON. THEN THEIR MASSIVE HORNS ARE PUT TO GOOD USE IN FIGHTING OFF COMPETITION!



PETROGLYPHS BELOW PRESENT EVIDENCE THAT BIGHORN WERE KNOWN TO INDIANS IN SOUTHWESTERN UTAH. THIS ROCK ART WAS FOUND NEAR ST. GEORGE WHERE ESCALANTE CAMPED IN 1777. HAD THERE BEEN BIGHORN IN THE AREA, ESCALANTE, DESPERATE FOR MEAT, WOULD SURELY HAVE MENTIONED GAME. THERE IS NO INFORMATION THAT WHITE MAN HAS EVER SEEN BIGHORN IN THIS AREA. THE GLYPH PORTRAYS THREE RAMS IN A ROW AND BELOW AN EWE. CURIOUSLY, THEY ALL HAVE LONG TAILS.



A SCHEME TO FIND THE LOST ARCH MINE

By Erle Stanley Gardner

With the permission of Erle Stanley Gardner and Publisher William Morrow & Company Inc., Desert presents excerpts from Chapter V in advance of the publication of Mr. Gardner's new book THE DESERT IS YOURS.

MY first connection with the Lost Arch Mine was the result of a peculiar combination of interests. I was interested in a principle of optics used to penetrate camouflage, and I was interested in some of the famous lost mines of the Southwest.

These two interests were brought together by the Lost Arch Mine.

As far back as World War I, the military began to experiment with camouflage. During the years this became very much of a science. It became virtually impossible to detect certain small objects from the air, once those objects had been covered by a protective camouflage.

Then the other side tried to find some method of penetrating this camouflage and destroying its military value. The result was an ingenious application of certain natural principles on the field of optics.

Human powers of observation are assisted by the spacing of approximately three inches between man's eyes. Man sees an image with each eye

and fuses those images so that he has an angle of "perspective" and in that way is able to judge distance.

So inventive genius began to speculate about what would happen if the base line between the two eyes should be increased and then, by means of optical devices, views taken from each base line could be fused together just as the two eyes fuse what they normally see.

By careful experimentation it was found that a base line of one in ten could be used in this manner and the vision could still be fused by the aid of optical instruments.

In other words, by sending a photographer up in an airplane to a height of ten thousand feet, having him fly a straight course, take photographs at regular intervals, then move to the side for one thousand feet on a parallel course and again take photographs at regular intervals, the prints of these photographs could be put in frames with mirrors at carefully calculated angles so that the two views could be fused.

This process has now been perfect-

ed so that the trained observer can get the height of an object within a matter of inches. A white dot seems to "float" in the field of vision. This dot can be moved by means of a knurled knob so it can be placed on any lateral section of a photograph. Then it can seemingly be raised or lowered. It can be put at the base of a building and then "raised" to the top of the building. Consulting a scale on the moving mechanism will give one the actual height of the structure.

Now, some of the famous lost mines in the desert contain physical landmarks which could very easily be evaluated by a system of this sort.

For instance, quite a few of the mines were worked at one time so there would be a tunnel, and in front of the tunnel a graded ore dump.

Where these mines were abandoned because of Indian hostilities or the owners killed and the exact location in doubt, stereophotography of this sort would show up the contours of the mining dump despite the fact that in the course of a hundred years

or so the brush will have grown up to such an extent that the human eye in ocular observation could not detect the contours.

The famous Lost Arch Mine is supposed to be marked by a very beautiful natural arch spanning a canyon.

According to legend, the Lost Arch Mine has been twice discovered and twice lost.

Boiled down to essentials, the Lost Arch Mine goes back almost a hundred years. Two prospectors, Crocker and Fish equipped with the comparative luxury of a buckboard and horses, were conducting a leisurely prospecting trip in the desert. They had left Nevada and were working their way to California.

In the buckboard they hauled a barrel of water in addition to their essential camping equipment, and from time to time the men would fill their canteens from this barrel of water.

One morning Fish tilted the barrel and was astounded to find it was almost empty. Investigation disclosed it had sprung a leak.

A swift examination showed that there was barely enough left in the barrel to make a half-canteen of water.

These men were hardened prospectors. They knew what the mishap meant. It was virtually the same as a sentence of death. They had a hurried conference and decided that it would probably be impossible to get back to the Colorado River before dying of thirst and as far as they knew, the Colorado River was the nearest source of water.

They discussed the fact that there could well be some spring or at least potholes in the mountains a lot nearer than the Colorado. The only trouble was they didn't know anything about the topography of the country or where such sources of water might be found.

After thinking things over, they decided to put in half a day exploring on foot, trying to find water. Then they would rendezvous back at the wagon. If they hadn't found water, they would then try making a dash for the Colorado. This plan not only gave them a chance of finding water closer to camp and so spare them making the forced march to the river, but it meant that if they did have to make that fearsome journey, they could start in the cooler part of the day with the comparative coolness of the night ahead of them. Plodding their way through the hot deep sand



SOME CONTROVERSY EXISTS AS TO WHETHER FISH AND HIS PARTNER HAD BEEN CAMPED ON THE TURTLE MOUNTAINS OR THE OLD WOMAN RANGE. TO FURTHER CONFUSE THE ISSUE GARDNER'S EXPLORATION BY HELICOPTER REVEALED ARCHES IN BOTH OF THESE MOUNTAINS.

in the intense heat of the day would be suicidal. And, in any event, their chances of reaching the Colorado were slim and they knew it.

It was therefore agreed that the partners would separate, each search for water until noon, and then return to camp. If they had been unsuccessful they would then start their journey to the river.

Pursuant to this understanding, the men started out, Crocker taking a canyon on the left, Fish taking the canyon to the right.

Fish worked his way up a canyon around huge granite boulders, some of them as big as a house.

This water-washed canyon had been caused by the torrential summer cloudbursts which bring "flash floods" to the desert.

The heat was intense and there was no sign of water. Plodding his way up the canyon, Fish found the going exceedingly difficult.

He was never able to tell exactly how far he went. It is hard to estimate distances under such conditions, but Fish did go until he was nearly exhausted. He was, of course, trying to cover just as much ground as possible in the shortest period of time.

He found no water but just as he was about to turn back, he noticed a place where a natural arch bridged the canyon some distance ahead. He determined to go as far as this arch and then rest in the shade cast by it. Downhill progress would be much swifter, and he could still get back to camp at the appointed time.

So Fish forced himself on until he came to this natural arch and then flung himself down in the shade cast by it.

The ground was comparatively cool there, and Fish, physically tired, mentally apprehensive as he thought of the race with death ahead, was torn with emotion as he sucked in deep lungfuls of heated air.

The sun, hitting the side of the canyon walls and reflecting down, had so heated the air that after exertion it was hard to get life-giving oxygen from it.

It was then that Fish pushed his hands deep into the cool gravel, trying to relieve his throbbing wrists. As he did so he noticed something peculiar about the dirt.

Scooping up a handful, he started blowing away the lighter particles and found that he had a whole palmful of gold.

Tremendously excited, Fish started picking up handfuls of dirt, blowing away the lighter portions, putting the heavier grains of gold in his pocket.

Now, it is here the cautious or perhaps the skeptical observer begins to question the story. If enough water during periods of flood had been roaring down that canyon so that great boulders could be dislodged and worn by water, why would alluvial gold the size of wheat grains be on the surface of the ground?

Yet there they were, and the proof lies in the fact that Fish came back with his pockets full of gold which he had secured in a short period of time simply by blowing on light gravel he had scooped up with his hands. He had no other means available.

Is it possible that there was a very rich deposit on the side of the canyon just a short distance above where Fish had flung himself down in the cool canyon to rest?

As a prospector who knew something about hunting for gold, Fish should certainly have ascertained where that gold came from. And a very short period of exploration would have given him the answer.

But Fish had pressed on to the farthest limit of distance and endurance, and he was going to have to hurry back down the canyon in order to reach his camp in time for the rendezvous with his partner. He had picked up gold and filled his pockets but he didn't have any time to waste prospecting around.

What about his pockets? History doesn't say.

Under the circumstances Fish would hardly have been wearing a coat, so the probabilities are that in filling his pants pockets with gold he had a rather limited supply.

The day was hot and Fish was already feeling the pangs of thirst, the first symptoms of the life-and-death struggle that was to ensue. So he hurried back down the water course, and was only a few minutes late in joining his partner at the camp.

Fish told his partner about the gold he had found. They were rich!

But you can't drink gold, and as the two men realized in sober appraisal of the situation, their chances of ever getting out alive were rather slim.

Under the circumstances it is completely understandable that they would concentrate their attention on the best way of getting water, lightening the vehicle as much as possible, making a "dash" for the Colorado.

So they started. And one can appreciate their mental condition, their apprehension, their near-panic as they started that long, almost hopeless journey.

That near-panic is undoubtedly the reason they didn't pay too much attention to landmarks. At the moment their chances of being alive long enough to try finding their way back didn't seem hopeful and they were concentrating on reaching the life-giving water of the Colorado rather than finding their way back.

The journey was a nightmare, the horses begging for water, the men dying of thirst with no water to offer.

At length, after interminable hours of slogging through sand and heat, groping their way through darkness, the horses began to smell water. They called on their reserve strength and staggered to the banks of the Colorado River.

The men fell into the cool waters, drinking sparingly at first, letting their parched, tortured skins soak up the refreshing fluid.

Fish, who was in better shape after they had rested, took Crocker on to

Ehrenberg for medical treatment, but the man died within a few days of his arrival.

Fish spent several weeks, first recuperating and then getting ready to start back for his fabulously rich gold deposit.

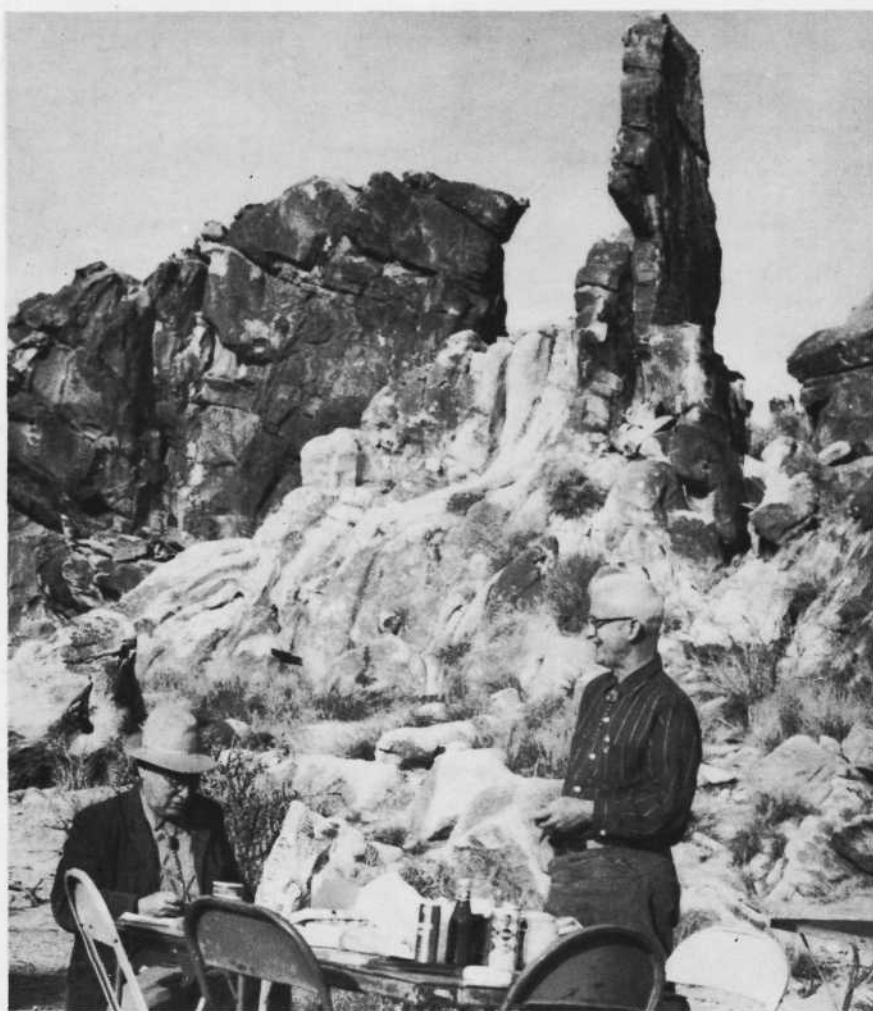
He was, of course, indefinite about where the deposit was located, simply that it was somewhere in the Old Woman Mountains.

The Old Woman Mountains is a rough range of mountains, with boulder-strewn canyons, barren ridges of rock, great slabs of upthrust granite and in general a forbidding appearance.

Although it is quite possible that Fish made his story about the location of the gold deposit deliberately indefinite, or perhaps downright misleading, the fact is that Fish went back to the Old Woman Mountains. He went back again and again and again, but he was never able to find even the camp from which they had started, let alone the canyon with the natural arch spanning it.

So far, so good. This is one of the typical stories of lost mines.

GARDNER AND JOE TEMPLETON SET UP CAMP IN THE OLD WOMAN MOUNTAINS.



When one begins to examine it with a skeptical eye there are several things about it that are all but incomprehensible, but the partners had the gold to prove their story.

Alluvial gold with water-worn nuggets the size of wheat grains furnishes evidence that simply can't be ignored, nor can one discount the fact that Fish spent all the money he was ever able to get, and the rest of his life, in a vain search for his mine, going back time after time to the Old Woman range of mountains.

Now let's look at the second chapter of this fascinating story.

Directly to the east of the Old Woman range of mountains, and just a little to the south, lies a somewhat smaller range, the Turtle Mountains.

It must be remembered that these desert mountain ranges are very similar in appearance. The mountains rise up to a great height, consisting largely of piles of rock covered here and there with a thin layer of soil made by decomposing rock and the remnants of vegetation of a bygone age. There is just enough soil to furnish a foothold for cacti, greasewood and sagebrush. The crests are jagged and cruel and, even when they are softened somewhat by distance, appear formidable and forbidding.

Fish had made his discovery in 1883. He spent the rest of his life in a vain search. By 1900 he was dead and the Lost Arch Mine had become one of the legends of the West. Prospectors had searched for it, and searched in vain.

At the turn of the century a prospector named John Packer had been out prospecting in the desert and had explored the terrain until he found it necessary to head back to the city in order to replenish his supplies.

In those days, if a prospector was successful he had enough gold to buy provisions. If he hadn't been successful he had to return to the settlements, work at a job, and save enough money to get the few necessities required to start on another prospecting trip.

Packer hadn't been successful and was headed north, toward Needles, where he planned to get a job that would enable him to build up another "stake."

He had made an early camp and had a cheery fire blazing in the dusk, when he became aware that someone was approaching.

The man who came up to the campfire explained that his name was Kohler, that he was a German nat-

uralist who had decided to come West because of stories of riches to be had for the taking in the desert mountains.

Packer invited Kohler to unroll his blankets and spend the night with him.

They had a frugal supper and then sat talking, each prospector, after his fruitless search, hungry for the sound of a human voice and the pleasure of companionship.

Kohler was apologetic. As a naturalist he should have done better. He had found some very likely-looking prospects, some places that he wanted to develop and which he thought were going to become rich mines, but he hadn't come on any alluvial gold which would enable him to buy provisions. He, too, was going to have to go to some settlement and work to get a stake. He announced that he was headed for Amboy. He had learned there was plenty of employment there. It was a point on the railroad where considerable lumber was being shipped for mining purposes and construction.

So, in turn, each man gave a little summary of his prospecting trips, of his hopes and disappointments and plans for the future.

They had about talked themselves out. The fire had died to a bed of barely glowing embers, and the men were preparing to turn in, when Kohler mentioned an incidental matter which had interested him as a naturalist.

He had, he said, been on a mesa which had a slope to the north, and from that point he had seen a natural arch spanning a canyon. He said that he was very much interested in the arch but, being primarily interested in his prospecting, hadn't taken the time to examine the arch closely. He wanted to do this sometime when he was on another trip with a little more time.

It was quite apparent to Packer that the German naturalist had never heard of the Lost Arch Mine.

Packer concealed his excitement, yawned a couple of times, stretched, took a stick, musingly stirred the coals and then said, in effect, "Look, we've been thrown together by Fate. We're both of us going back to earn a stake and then return to do some prospecting. It's pretty lonely prospecting by one's self. You have knowledge as a naturalist and I have practical experience as a prospector. Why don't we go into partnership?"

Kohler was pleased with the idea and instantly accepted.

It was agreed that Kohler would go to Amboy and get a job, that Packer would go to Needles and get a job there. They were then to meet at sunflower Springs twenty days later.

Packer got his job in Needles, saved his money, got a stake, returned to Sunflower Springs. But Kohler failed to show up. After waiting several days Packer became alarmed and went to Amboy to try to find some trace of his partner.

He learned that Kohler had reached Amboy and gotten a job unloading carloads of lumber, but on the third day a pile of heavy timbers had unexpectedly toppled over, trapping Kohler beneath them and killing him.

So the Lost Arch Mine becomes rather unique in history because it has been twice found and twice lost.

It wasn't until a few years ago that I began to realize that time was slipping rapidly through my fingers and that if I ever wanted to enjoy life, I was going to have to begin. It was a lot later than I thought.

By this time, getting any sort of a vacation was tremendously complicated and expensive. I had to keep in almost daily touch with Hollywood and whenever scripts were ready for my approval or suggestions I had to charter airplanes which could deliver them to me within a matter of hours, then rush my comments back to Hollywood.

I looked around to see if I couldn't find some really wild, almost unexplored country where the roads were so terrible the tourists hadn't trampled it to death, yet where the air line distance was short enough for a plane to get there from Hollywood.

I had built up a fleet of four-wheel-drive vehicles by means of which I could set up base camps in places where there were nearby landing strips. Using these vehicles which are equipped with special tires, power winches and able to carry large quantities of gasoline, water and provisions, we explored country no other motorists had ever seen, and I wrote several books dealing with our adventures.

So it was only natural that when I once more began to think of exploring country close to home in the desert regions of California, Arizona and Nevada, and when, on one of his visits, Joe Templeton asked why it wouldn't be possible to explore the Turtle Mountains with helicopter and actually find the famous Lost Arch, the idea once more began to germinate. ///

In most current textbooks and other learned publications it is stated unequivocally that prehistoric man first came to the New World via Siberia and a Bering Strait land bridge. Slowly, but very surely, this theory seems well on the way toward being disproven.

A recent news release from the Smithsonian Institution's Bureau of Ethnology might prelude a whole new outlook on early man.

Dr. Chester S. Chard, of the Department of Anthropology of the University of Wisconsin, in discussing New World origins, recently declared, "We may discern perhaps two basic early movements from two different reservoirs (of human population). The initial movement was from the Far East, along the Pacific shore, bringing an industrial tradition of choppers, bifaces and amorphous flakes some 40,000 years ago. Men of Mongoloid stock may have been available this early or soon thereafter.

"It is conceivable that a secondary movement came from interior Siberia, traveling via the Lena-Arctic coastal route, when the route would have been feasible, say about 25,000 years ago.

"I think it more likely, however," he continued, "that such a secondary movement at this time came again from the Far East, along the Pacific Coast. I do not think there is any basis for postulating subsequent population movements until the appearance of the Arctic Mongoloids, perhaps 5000 years ago. Even if some elements of early New World culture did originate in interior Siberia, this does not necessarily represent the initial settlement. We think too much in terms of Siberia, which was not the only possible source, or even for long periods, a possible source at all; we need to devote equal attention to the Far East, a much older hearth of human culture.

Information such as this, of course, contributes to the excitement of archeological exploration in the Southwest United States and other areas along the Pacific coast. The time draws near when the American Indian might finally discover just who and what he really is! ///



HOW EARLY WAS EARLY MAN?

ALTHOUGH ARTIFACTS are often popularly lumped together as "arrowheads," this blanket designation of primitive man's projectile points and refined implements is a misnomer.

Once the point-neophyte has passed the "green excitement" stage of collecting, he assumes a state of mature evaluation wherein he begins to comprehend the vast field of archeological knowledge that still confronts him.

As to the term "arrowheads," the bow and arrow first made its appearance in this country only a few hundred years ago. More important to the study of early man in the New World is the discovery of stone projectile points and implements which have been around for approximately 30,000 years. Think of it—30,000 years or more! And these known oldest artifacts were only discovered in 1933 in a desert excavation site at a place called Tule Springs, near Las Vegas, Nevada.

Archeologists have classified those Paleo-Indian people who once lived on the eastern side of the Rockies as the Paleo-eastern, and those who lived on the western side of the Rockies as the Paleo-western. As big game hunters, the Paleo-eastern Indians produced a different type of tool and projectile from that used by their western brothers, whose emphasis was more on food and seed gathering tools used for grinding, scraping and chopping. In the west, projectile points were used primarily for small game or to discourage enemies.

Artifacts fall into a number of categories, for there is a marked difference as to workmanship, classification, and size although no one tribe used one particular type of point exclusively. Desert sites usually produce two major types, the refined and the massive. The refined category consists of beautifully flaked

projectile or weapon points, some worked from semi-precious gem stones which, in sunlight, sparkle like jewels. The massive category covers the larger artifacts, such as heavy scrapers, choppers, bulky hammerstones and cores. Materials include limestone, slate, rhyolite, chert, jasper, chalcedony, agate, obsidian, and some quartz crystal.

Once desert regions were broad plains and hunters followed grazing herds of mammoth, bison, camel and giant ground sloth through well-watered valleys of oak and juniper. But how did prehistoric hunters capture and kill these mammoth creatures when their most lethal weapons consisted only of atlatls—dart-pointed throwing sticks—and spears? Even their all-important knives were merely sharpened stones. Today, this seems an unbelievable feat.

However, archeological excavations yielding Pleistocene bones of young and aged animals together lead to an assumption that pre-historic man somehow forced his prey into swamps and then captured the weak and aged that dropped behind the rest of the herd. Once the animal was bogged down, Man, with his puny weapons, was able to carry off portions of the kill to his hungry, waiting camp. It's a fact that only portions of animals, such as jawbones, leg bones and pelvic bones have been recovered from the ashes of ancient cooking fires.

Until a great deal more is known about prehistoric man than is understood now, however, his tools and points may best be appreciated for their beauty of execution and the pride he took in a simple stone, his most valuable possession. This is reflected in the designs painted on a dart shaft found in Gypsum Cave, Nevada, with a Carbon-14 dating of more than 10,000 years ago. Even then, under the most primitive of conditions, prideful humans hankered for beauty and color. ///

BY DOROTHY ROBERTSON



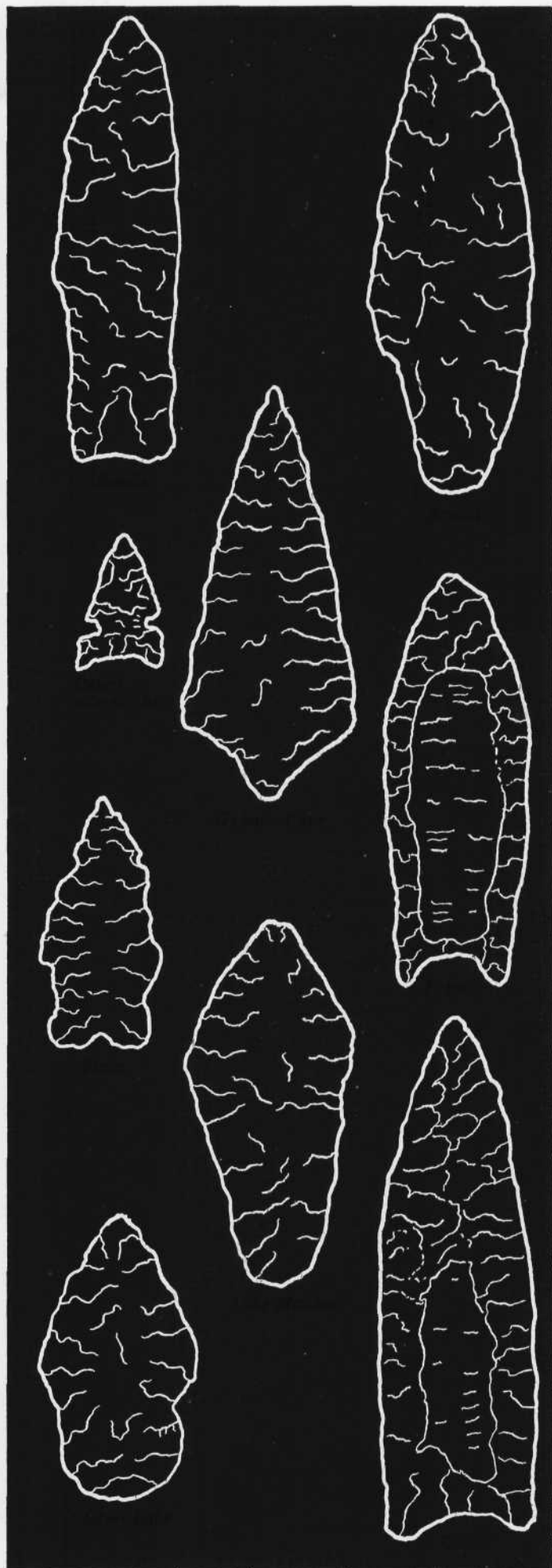
The Desert side-notched point, of fairly recent origin, may have been an improved variation of ancient points recovered by later tribes.

Stone dart points uncovered in Gypsum Cave, Nevada, are somewhat diamond-shaped and distinctive. Approximately two-inches long, they taper at the stems.

Pinto Basin points may be found in the north central part of Riverside County. When first discovered in 1934, they were of a variety unknown to archeologists. These points are thick, often serrated, and characterized by their narrow shoulders and concave bases.

Although Sandia, Folsom and Clovis points seem to have originated in areas surrounding the present state of New Mexico, they have also turned up in Owens Valley in California, far from home. Considered the oldest, Sandia points were found in a New Mexico cave embedded in stratum even below that in which Folsom points were associated with skeletons of extinct bison. Implements of Folsom man have also been uncovered in Colorado, Nevada, and Oklahoma.

Lake Mohave and Silver Lake points may be found in the now extinct Lake Mohave region and basins to the north and south called Soda Lake Playa and Silver Lake Playa. Both of these types show percussion flaking, which means that in the process of being shaped the point was struck glancing blows by a hammerstone to dislodge flakes until the desired shape was attained. Many examples were sharpened by painstakingly chipping off small flakes around the edges with a pointed bone or another tool. Others, with tips much thinner and carefully shaped than the butt ends, suggest that they might have been hafted to wooden handles at one time.





THE STORY BEHIND THE HI-DESERT SHRINE

By Ed Barnum

THOUSANDS OF legends, tales and stories have been born on the desert and with every passing day, another mystery is uncovered, another legend started, and more tales and stories circulated.

Less than 20 years ago a new legend was started on a plot of homesteaded land just outside of the Hi-Desert town of Yucca Valley on the Twenty-nine Palms Highway.

Today, it is an unusual and interesting attraction for tourists and desert folks alike—100 years from now it will be so seeped in mystery and legend that our great, great grandchildren will have to refer to history books in order to believe their eyes and ears.

The legend-in-the-making is the Hi-Desert Shrine, a collection of some

50 concrete and steel biblical figures and tableaux.

Half-hidden on the slopes of a desert foothill, overlooking Yucca Valley, the Hi-Desert Shrine lies over a mile off the highway and no signs point the way. Visitors who do catch a quick glimpse of white statuary on the hillside and decide to see what it is, must travel a rough, unpaved road, past auto repair shops, a junk yard and a cesspool manufacturing plant to reach the park.

The white figures seen from the highway stand two or three times life size. Smoothly hand-sculptured from cement, the entire hillside is dotted with tableaux depicting the life of Christ, and those who worked and prayed with him.

A quiet reverence settles over the visitor. There are not gates; in fact, no fences surround the site, but mo-

torists stay on the visible trails that wind through the Shrine.

The first questions a visitor might ask, but can't because there are no guides, attendants or caretakers, are: What caused all this? Who sculptured it? Who is responsible for it?

The first question can be answered. A dedication to the thought that the Bible is for all mankind, regardless of race, creed or color was the motivating cause.

The second question can also be answered. It was accomplished by one man, the late Antone Martin.

The third question is harder to answer. Antone Martin accepted no help from organizations, sects, churches, or individuals that would limit or segregate the park. His own personal fortune started the park and contributions of visitors and friends who believed as he did, completed it.

Antone Martin died in December of 1961, at the age of "over" 75. His work wasn't finished in the sense that he had told only a few stories of the Bible through his statuary—and if he had lived another 75 years, his work still wouldn't be finished.

An accomplished sculptor and anthropologist, Martin excelled in his reproductions of pre-historic animals and his work stands in museums around the world. He talked of the early days of Hollywood and his work as a set designer, but mostly he talked about his life's ambition, to create the Hi-Desert Shrine.

A tall man, he wore his white hair long with a stringy white goatee jetting from his chin. His long bony hands were crippled with arthritis. Too many years of working with cold water and cement, he had said.

During the week, Hi-Desert visitors might see Antone tearing along a dusty road in his beat-up car or find him sitting quietly by himself in a bar, nursing a beer. The picture he presented — long, wild hair, goatee, cement spattered pants and shirt — caused many to comment, "Who's that old kook, some sort of a nut?"

To many Antone Martin appeared to be just that, but those who paused to get acquainted found that they were wrong.

A great believer in the Bible, and a historian and philosopher, Antone Martin took pleasure in talking with visitors and changing their viewpoints on his beloved Hi-Desert Shrine and on himself.

Weekends, when tourists flocked to the desert, the sculptor would dress-up in white shirt, bolo tie and "pressed" pants. Wearing his Sunday straw hat, he would explain each piece of art, pose for pictures and visit with sightseers.

All wasn't so quiet and peaceful a few years ago, however.

Originally, Antone Martin homesteaded the property in Yucca Valley and called it Christ Park. After he had built some 20 works of art, he turned the project over to the government to be used as a State park. In order to keep the park open and cover maintenance costs, administrators believed it necessary to charge a small admittance fee. Martin objected. But State authorities held firm now that they held the deed to the property.

With enormous temperament Martin rebelled. Armed with a sledge hammer, he reduced Christ Park to broken cement and bent steel rods.

Next, with the help of friends, he purchased the adjoining property and started the Hi-Desert Shrine. That was 12 years ago. Today, after his death, both parks have been combined and more than 50 statues, tableaux, and story scenes stand as mute evidence of this man's belief.

The effort put forth on this project is evident to the individual who visits the park. The thought and inspiration that motivated Antone Martin is still there, some two years after his death.

Figures depicted in the Hi-Desert Shrine are twice and three times life size, depending on the location. Overlooking the entire site, high on a rustic desert hill, the figure of Christ welcomes all who visit. The tableau of the "Last Supper" stands two stories high, a concrete wall of beauty that never fails to leave visitors impressed and inspired.

He is shown preaching to his 12 disciples in one scene. At another, Jesus is in the Garden of Gethsemane; on the hill-side, is a scene of Him praying while the three disciples, Peter, James and John sleep below.

A small chapel stands on the grounds. Built from native rock and stone it seats at the most 12 people. Usually the last place to visit at Hi-Desert Shrine, people of all faiths pause for a moment of thought and prayer at this edifice before leaving the park.

A new legend has been spawned on the Great American Desert and a man, often described as a crazy old coot, a religious fanatic and a misguided desert rat, left for the world a legacy to be enjoyed by mankind for generations to come. ///



OPPOSITE PAGE: MARTIN'S FIRST STATUE OVERLOOKING YUCCA VALLEY. ABOVE: CREATOR OF THE HI-DESERT SHRINE, THE LATE ANTONE MARTIN. BELOW: MARTIN'S FINAL PIECE OF WORK COMPLETED IN 1961 IS THE SCENE AT THE SEPULCHRE WITH MARY MAGDALENE, MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS, AND SALOME DISCOVERING THE RESURRECTION.



New Feature



about sand

and rocks

and a

curious town

named

for a man

who was

never there.

BY ROYCE ROLLINS

WE ARE NOT rockhounds. We have picked up a few garnets in Monument Valley and carted home crystal from the shores of Lake Mead, but as far as anything technical is concerned, we stumble when we try to pronounce chalcedony.

Nevertheless, at 5:00 on a recent morn, we dressed in jeans, armed ourselves with rock picks and left our comfortable hotel rooms to rendezvous with several members of the Imperial Valley Gem and Mineral Society who had invited us to join them on a rock hunt.

At the point of rendezvous, Jim Strain, president of the Society, climbed into the back seat of our 4-wheeler beside our son and introduced us to Maury Dawson, the Moores and the Nalls who were driving other 4-wheelers. It was still dark as we left the city limits of Brawley and rolled toward a place called Vinegar Wash.

While Jim described fire agate, plume agate, moss agate and chalcedony roses to be found at the site, we drove happily through the dawn. When he mentioned palm root, however, my spirits hit a new high. I'd long coveted a bracelet studded with this rare and beautiful stone.

Palms were silhouetted darkly above the flat horizon and the air felt soft and sultry. It was hard to believe we were traversing desert land 119 feet below sea level and that this fertile stretch of land bearing cotton, sugar beets, safflower and vegetable fields could be flanked by a hard rock desert.

After about 15 miles, this verdant land, irrigated by the All-American Canal, ended and we turned left from Route 115 onto a newly paved road leading to Glamis. Here the terrain lay as clean as filtered sand, spiked here and there with clumps of greasewood. Jim told us tiny desert flowers cover this area in the spring and some of his club members, photographing them with dental cameras which have a maximum distance of 16-inches, produced the finest flower photos he'd ever seen.

Gradually the sand rolled into rippling dunes so bare and undulating as to be almost indecent. We stopped for photos and then drove to a particularly steep area set aside for civil defense practice, sky divers and sand buggy enthusiasts. Sand buggies are encouraged in this country for a practical reason. In case of emergency the stream of traffic would have to be chartered along this two-lane road bound by dunes. A breakdown could stop traffic interminably. Or, at least, until a sand buggy maneuver-

ed itself through the dunes to aid the immobilized car.

These dunes form a 60-mile belt which in some sections is 15 miles wide. And they are beautiful. Even though our road passed through only two miles of them, they stretched to all sides as far as the eyes could see. As we left them, the Chocolate Mountains appeared in their place—a rich, brown caterers' surprise.

After we'd driven about 35 miles along the Glamis road, Maury Dawson, who led our caravan, turned onto a dirt trail. This turn-off lies close to a point where power lines meet the paved road. We followed the dirt road toward a distinctive landmark Jim called "Buzzard Peak" for about a mile. There we found an ideal picnic spot marked by an exquisite pair of giant ocotillo, with Ironwood and mesquite trees providing plenty of shade. The dirt road to this point is good and any passenger car can travel it. From here on, however, a 4-wheeler or a 4-speed pickup is necessary.

Although we were too early for picnicking, we stopped for photos and to collect a few specimen samples of agate and jasper. Federal and state owned, this is one of the few large areas left for rock collectors and the spot where we parked is the hub for a number of interesting points. Arrowheads may be found nearby at Arrowhead Springs and geodes lie around the base of the black cone called Buzzard Peak. A trail to the right toward Black Mountain leads to a wash with a freak grove of Garabatto trees, which have no business growing in this location, and the Moores have found a rare blue jasper with silver markings near them.

We, however, were limited on time, so headed directly for Vinegar Wash, following a winding trail and then turning into the wash until we reached an enormous spreading ironwood tree. Here the rest of us piled from our vehicles and set forth in various directions while the Moores and Nalls lifted heavy boxes from their cars and scattered the contents along the banks of the wash.

This, they explained, is their way of repaying an obligation to Nature for the 30 years of fun they've had pursuing this hobby. When they know they're going to a field that abounds in specimens with which they're already well stocked, they return more rocks from their own collections than they take out so another collector may have the fun of finding them.

Maury Dawson, who drives a

fringed surrey jeep painted "Tropical Rose" and makes frequent forays into the back country of Baja, gave us a few primary lessons in rock collecting. "If you'd tie a rope around yourself and stake it in the ground so you'd have to hunt within its circumference, you'd find more good specimens than you will if you wander," he advised.

We noticed that George Moore did his hunting within a small area and in the end when we compared finds, it was he who possessed the prize palm root specimens, although I think some of us "wanderers" matched his agate.

Another trick we learned was to lick our rocks to see how they'd look if polished. Maury said that if they dry immediately, it's because the rock is porous and not worth polishing. If they remain wet and shiny for a period of time, though, they'll polish well. Most of these rocks were covered with desert varnish and looked like nothing before they were broken open, so you can't judge a rock by its cover.

When the sun grew hot, we picnicked under the Ironwood Tree and then drove back to our hotel for a swim.

Much has happened to Brawley since its inception in 1902. At that time, a Mr. Braly, for whom its developers hoped to name the new town, declined the honor, declaring that he'd not have his name associated with the project.

Like a jilted bride whose linen was already monogrammed, however, the township had become accustomed to his name. To solve its dilemma, a member of the townsite committee mentioned that he had a friend in Chicago named Brawley and suggested they name it after him. Strangely enough, the "real" Mr. Brawley has never set foot in the town!

Which is most unfortunate. Brawley may have been named for a little man who wasn't there, but the town itself is very definitely there. A splendid community populated with interesting people, it's not at all a sleazy border town and its fantastic development during recent years is reflected in a string of luxury motor lodges and hotels. Its proximity to the Salton Sea for boating, the Mexican border town of Mexicali for tourists, chukar and dove hunting and rock and mineral fields attract visitors of wide interests.

On the evening prior to our rock hunt, our dinner was accompanied by live music and attended by a Swiss

(continued on page 37)



ABOVE: SAND BUGGIES ARE ENCOURAGED ON THESE DUNES. BELOW: ROCK HOUNDS REST WHILE JIM STRAIN INSPECTS A PALM ROOT SPECIMEN COLLECTED IN HIS TROUT BASKET.



BUZZARD PEAK IS AN IMPORTANT LANDMARK TO COLLECTORS.

UNDER THE SPREADING IRONWOOD TREE, COLLECTORS GATHER BEFORE LUNCH



THE SAGA OF THE CUCKOO

by catherine blanton

THAT long-tailed bird that almost gave you heart failure as he sped across the highway of the Southwest is as much a cuckoo as the bird in your clock.

Although he doesn't cuckoo the hour, the roadrunner, or, *geococcyx californianus*, goes through life forever a cuckoo. But, then, so did his father and mother before him.

Mother Roadrunner isn't so cuckoo, however, when it comes to building her nest. She builds it well, usually close to the ground and safe from prying eyes.

But laying eggs is something else again. When she's in the mood, and only then, does she start filling the nest. Sometimes she's content with six eggs, but at times it may take a dozen to satisfy her maternal instinct.

Once settled down to raising a family, she stays on the job until the last egg is hatched. But, in incubating from the first egg, she spaces her family in cuckoo fashion.

By the time the last egg has been pipped the nest is a mess of half-grown, in-between and wriggling *pisanos*, as the Mexicans call them.

Luckily Father Roadrunner relieves his wife in feeding and tending these early birds. And, it's a good thing too, for no little worm satisfies their appetites.

From the day they open their speckled pink mouths,

Dad is kept hopping to pacify their craving for freshly killed lizards.

Later, on their own, they eat anything and everything they can get down their gullets. This includes scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, with maybe a snake for desert.

They also find rats, mice and ground squirrels tasty, although they are somewhat of a mouthful. Making use of his heavy bill, Mr. Roadrunner batters them around a bit and they swallow with surprising agility.

Of course, he poaches sometimes. And he isn't above robbing his neighbor's nest of eggs, or occasionally sampling a young bird or so.

But everybody has a few faults.

For a bird that comes into the world a cuckoo and crawls out of the egg looking like a black worm doused in crankcase oil, he does pretty well.

There's a cockiness about him that you can't help but admire and, when it comes down to it, his cockiness isn't all bluff either. Watch how he stands up to a rattlesnake.

No doubt he finds living dangerously exciting, but why must he always be inviting suicide by leaping across the road in front of a speeding car?

Because of his cuckoo ancestry, perhaps.

///

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Desert COOKERY

(Continued from Page 8)

thoroughly cold, stir in whipped cream, crushed pineapple and chopped dates. Spoon into tall glasses to serve.

TURKEY WITH TRUFFLE SAUCE

Perigourdine (truffle) sauce:

2-1/2 tablespoons butter

1-1/2 tablespoons flour

2 cups beef stock (or bouillon)

1/3 cup Marsala

2 sliced truffles

Melt 1-1/2 tablespoons butter. Add 1-1/2 tablespoons flour. Cook slowly stirring, until deep brown. Gradually add beef stock. Bring to a boil. Stir until thick and creamy. Lower flame.

Cook until reduced to half. Add Marsala. Heat, do not boil. Stir in sliced truffles and 1 tablespoon butter.

12 turkey filets cut from breast

Salt and pepper

3 tablespoons butter

12 slices mozzarella

2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese.

Pound turkey filets as thin as possible. Rub with salt and pepper.

Brown in butter. Make a "sandwich" of 2 filets, placing a slice of mozzarella between each. Arrange 6 sandwiches in heatproof dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Top with Perigourdine sauce. Simmer 3 minutes and serve.

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THE HORSETHIEF MUSEUM

By Joe H. Wherry



JAWBONE OF PLESSIPPUS FRANCISCANA, MILLION YEAR-OLD ANCESTOR OF THE MODERN HORSE. BELOW: LITTLE PETROGLYPH CANYON NEAR MUSEUM SITE.



THERE'S more to the U. S. Naval Ordinance Test Station at China Lake than the work involved in developing missiles and other advanced weapons systems. Occupying about 1000 square miles of Mojave Desert land—including great chunks of San Bernardino, Inyo and Kern counties—NOTS now is rather exclusive among U. S. Navy stations: it has a genuine museum devoted to the geological and anthropological wonders of the desert's past ages.

The institution's name is Maturango Museum—the maturango being a Shoshone word for "horsethief." This name is given to a nearby 8850-foot peak in the Argus Mountains.

Captain Charles Blenman, Jr., station commander, is of the opinion that the Navy has the responsibility of protecting and preserving the geological wonders and human artifacts of past civilizations. This includes the Petroglyph canyons, with their excellently preserved pre-Columbian hieroglyphics. And this enlightened and refreshing military viewpoint led directly to the establishment of the museum six months ago. The station skipper set aside a 50-foot Quonset hut and a parking area, thus giving the large and organized local civilian and military personnel a place to display the treasures they find in the remote desert areas. The museum restricts its scope of interest to the area within a 50-mile radius.

The exhibits include old weapons found on the desert; a curious 15th or 16th Century French-style armor breastplate and helmet with minute Arabic inscriptions (how it got onto the high Mojave is an unsolved mystery); numerous fossils, including the jawbone of *Plesippus Franciscana*, ancient ancestor of the modern horse; displays of various Mojave insects; fine dioramas tracing the geological development of the area and an excellent display of the mineral wealth of the region. There are several large chunks of lava rock and sandstone containing excellent Indian petroglyphs. Paleontologists, amateur and professional, will enjoy the exhibits devoted to the bison, camels and mastodons which once roamed the Mojave.

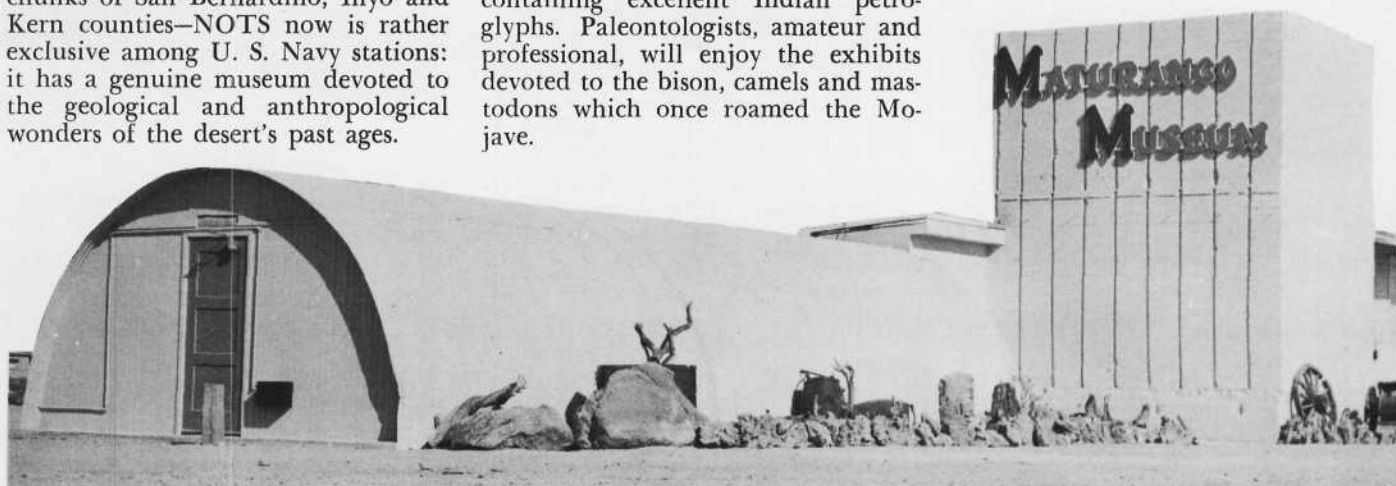
Maturango Museum is open to the public, and admission is free. Visiting hours are from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, and from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. on Sunday. You need only stop at the NOTS main gate and check in at the security office where a pass will be issued upon showing the usual identification required when one visits a military installation.

And if Indian lore is your forte, and if you have a full weekend to explore, drop a letter at least two weeks in advance of your trip to J. T. Biddy, Public Information Officer, Naval Ordinance Test Station, China Lake, Calif. The Petroglyph sites are about an hour's journey from the main station. Your guide will be Sewell "Pop" Lofinck, a self-educated *desertologist* with 40 years' experience behind him.

The petroglyphs in Big and Little Petroglyph canyons have been little damaged by vandals. There are few rocks in the long shallow canyons that are free from Indian markings. This must have been a very popular camp.

You'll need good hiking boots. There's quite a bit of climbing involved, and the country is rough and broken. If you want photos, load your camera with a fast black-and-white film. These petroglyphs are incised—not painted—into rather drab rock

///





NICK DUNCAN, SEDONA, ARIZONA, RANCHER IS AN OLD HAND AT MAKING JERKY. FIRST STEP IS TO CUT MEAT INTO STRIPS. CUT WITH THE GRAIN. ROUND STEAK—BEEF OR VENISON, IS BEST.

DRIP DRY DELICACY

BY
ELIZABETH
RIGBY

A much-heralded recent development in modern food processing is the dehydration of meat before it is quick-frozen. Add liquid, we are told, and your steak or whatever can hardly be told from the butcher's fresh best. It is predicted that this industry, still in its infancy, will be a great boon to armies and outdoorsmen; but long ago the Indians stole a march on the supermarkets when they invented jerky.

Jerky. The very word is redolent of frontier day memories — not only of Indians but also of cowboys, of bearded mountain men hunting the beaver for valuable pelts, and of burro-riding prospectors combing the hills for elusive gold.

Such men were often away from civilization for weeks or months at a time, and there were then no such conveniences as campers' iceboxes to be refilled at the next resort. What you took with you had to last, or you had to replace it on your own. The self-reliant men of those days had the know-how.

Before starting out an expedition, modern hunters and campers can ap-

proximate the frontier-day performance with beef bought at the neighborhood store. Provisioned with the traditional jerky, you'll find that you can travel light and still eat hearty. Who could ask for anything more?

South American Indians may have been first to experiment with jerking meat, since the word derives from Quichua, the oldtime language of Peru. It comes to us through the Spanish tongue of that country's conquerors, who were also the sometime conquerors of the Indians of our own Southwest. *Charqui* was the Spanish form of the word. It meant "dried flesh, without salt, in long strips." Corrupted into English as "jerked meat," the term was known in this country early in the 18th century; but somewhere along the line there must have been a change in the method used, because salt is an important ingredient in making jerky as we know it.

Almost any kind of meat can be jerked, and in the past has been — buffalo (Plains Indians and Eastern Apaches made special expeditions to lay in their winter supply, carried the dried meat home in leather bags or



DIP STRIPS BRIEFLY IN HOT BRINE—A QUARTER OF A CUP OF SALT TO A GALLON OF WATER. IMMERSE FOR A FEW SECONDS UNTIL MEAT IS NO LONGER RED. DRAIN WELL.



HAVE A MIXTURE OF SALT AND COARSE GROUND BLACK PEPPER READY. BE GENEROUS WITH PEPPER. MANY PEOPLE OMIT THE BRINE DIPPING AND PROCEED DIRECTLY TO THIS STEP. COAT STRIPS WELL ON BOTH SIDES.

parfleches made from the hides of the slaughtered animals), venison, elk, antelope, burro (many tribes relished the meat of these creatures), even mutton and mustang, but beef is most commonly used today.

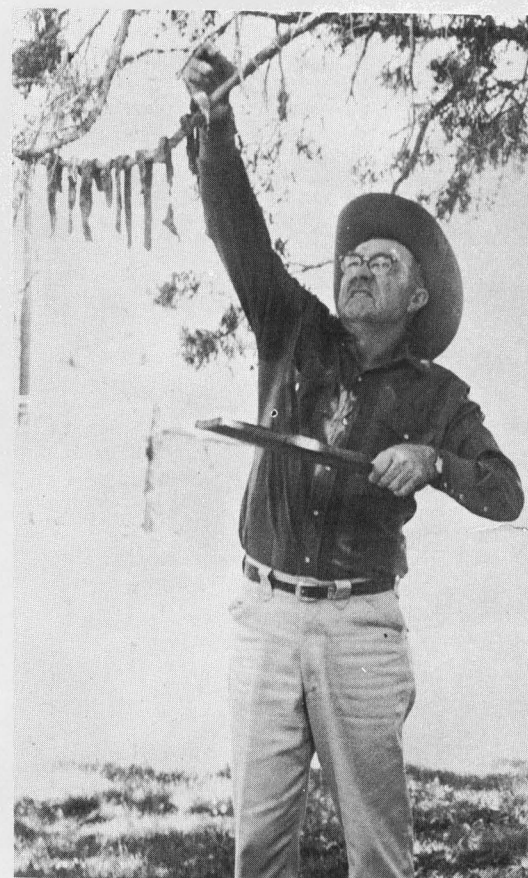
There are several different methods of jerking meat, but in all cases the principle is basically the same. The meat should be cut with the grain in thin strips, salted, then dried in the open air and "cooked" by the sun. The resultant product is chewy but not tough. Both savory and highly nutritious, it retains almost all the value of fresh meat, and even the heat of a summer day will not spoil it if you keep it dry until you are ready to eat it.

The dried strips are delicious chewed "as is," but jerked meat can also be cooked in a number of tasty ways. It can be ground or pounded and used in any recipe which calls for hamburger. It may serve as the basic ingredient in a stew, with liquid, vegetables, and potatoes added. It is often made into a "jerky gravy" which is spread over biscuits or bread, much as you might do with creamed chipped beef.

One way to make jerky gravy is to grind the strips in an ordinary meat grinder, using one of the finer blades. For 1 cup of ground jerky, blend together 2 tablespoons of melted fat and 2 tablespoons of flour. Add the ground meat and brown lightly. Then add as much milk as you need to achieve the desired thickness. This makes about 6 servings and is good over mashed potatoes.

A popular Sonoran dish is *cassoleta* or *cacerola*, a word which recalls our casserole or "saucepan dish." To make this in the Mexican fashion, take about 2 pounds of unground jerky. Put it in the oven at medium heat until it is slightly browned. Take it out and let it cool. Then pound it. For this, the Mexicans use a small three-legged stone vessel or mortar of the sort in which they also grind chili. A small round stone serves as the pestle. After the meat has been well pounded, you will find it easy to shred, which is what you do next. Cut up a large onion very fine and brown it in about 3 tablespoons of fat. Blend in flour and water or stock to make a thin gravy. Add spices to taste, and heat the meat in the gravy.

HANG STRIPS FROM A LIMB OF A TREE OR LAY THEM ON A WIRE SCREEN ELEVATED FROM THE GROUND. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE SUN AND AIR REACH THEM. IF SCREEN METHOD IS USED, TURN STRIPS AFTER A DAY OR TWO. THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE SAYS THAT STRIPS MAY BE COVERED WITH A SINGLE LAYER OF CHEESE CLOTH IF YOU ARE WORRIED ABOUT FLIES, BUT DUNCAN CLAIMS THAT THE PEPPER ACTS AS A REPELLANT TO INSECTS.



TREASURE HUNTING WITH METAL DETECTORS

By Lee Oertle

(Second of a two-part series)

BOYS FIND METAL DETECTORS GREAT SPORT, EXCITING, AND HEALTHY. EVEN DISCOVERING AN OLD HORSESHOE NAIL IS EXHILERATING TO A YOUNG PROSPECTOR.

THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN JUST PRIOR TO THE DISCOVERY OF A RICH HAUL IN MEXICO. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT OF DESERTED HACIENDAS WITH THE AID OF METAL DETECTORS.



A METAL detector is like a fishing pole. It gives the owner the equipment to catch fish — but it will catch the most for the angler with the most experience. Luck, of course, plays a tremendous part in the finding of any buried treasure, relic, or other valuable object. As photographers are fond of repeating, “being in the right place at the right time” wins a lot of contests. But there is another line that should be added to that shopworn phrase: *BE THERE WITH THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT— and KNOW HOW TO USE IT!*

During the past two years I've used and tested five of the top-brand detectors in a variety of situations. With them, I've never found anything with a solid cash value, and I admit that, at times, it's easy to get discouraged and disgusted. But like the fisherman who comes home empty handed, the fellow with a metal detector is always eager again with the rise of a new sun. It's a sport that never grows dull if the owner of the instrument takes the time to give his recreation some study. The more you learn about buried treasures, the easier it is to grasp this fundamental fact: far more valuable objects lay hidden than have ever been unearthed!

Many people still do not trust banks, and a surprising number continue to hide jewels, cash, bonds, coins, relics, and family heirlooms, of real or sentimental value. They do this despite warnings from police, friends, and relatives. The danger in burying valuables is that the owner may suddenly perish — leaving no clue as to the location of such objects.

In the 1800's banks were not the insured bastions of wealth they are today. Many times, a bank was anyplace the sign was hung, with an old safe and perhaps an aged, armed guard. They were frequently robbed, often embezzled, and occasionally not too solvent due to poor management. For those reasons, the use of money belts, buried family treasure vaults, or secret hiding places recessed in the walls of old homes were quite common, according to some experts.

The hunter who pores over old town records, historical documents, and old newspaper accounts has a far better chance of finding fertile hunting grounds. Curt Fisher, manufacturer of a leading metal detector, told me recently that two of the richest treasure hunters using his detectors work in this manner. At least one of them never even attempts to search an actual site for months—even years.

Every possible source of information about the lost treasure is first studied, old residents are interviewed, county maps are unearthed. Much can be learned this way. After a year of such study, Mr. Fisher told me, one of his customers can literally almost walk right up to the site, make a brief search with his detector, and unearth the valuables. No one can tell you how to duplicate this procedure, but there is one common denominator: study.

There are, of course, certain tricks to the trade. Always make sure batteries are fresh before you leave home, and carry a spare set. Nothing is as frustrating as discovering an exciting site, then having your detector power source fail. Battery life in the newer transistor detectors is about 200 hours of continuous operation. With the tube-type detector, battery life is as low as 50 to 75 hours of operation.

Don't walk too quickly when hunting. The slight flicker of the needle, the tiny blip in the earphones—these are most likely to produce worthwhile digging. A coin, for example, will barely register at three or four inches depth.

Develop a pattern, don't wander aimlessly. If you are searching along an old crumbled boardwalk in front of tumbled-down stores (an excellent site), cross and recross every foot of ground. Missing any particular spot by a few inches can be important.

Hunting immediately after a rainstorm will yield better results for the detector user, since the electrical impulses will be stronger. This is a tip many hunters have put to good use. However, if it has been raining for weeks and the ground is thoroughly soaked, the reverse is true. Ground currents flow freely and literally cancel each other.

Don't overlook the walls, ceilings, attics, and floors of old multiple story dwellings. Not everyone buried his treasure. Many persons simply stashed it in a crack in the plaster or shoved it under a handy projection, or perhaps dropped it down behind a wall stud.

Don't ignore small wall or floor openings. Few people realize that a small fortune in gold coins may be held in *one hand*! Not only does a fist full of gold coins weigh plenty—but the value of the coins as collectors' items may exceed their actual value many times. Some of the richest hauls ever found were buried inside an earthen jar, or in a small hole in a plastered wall.

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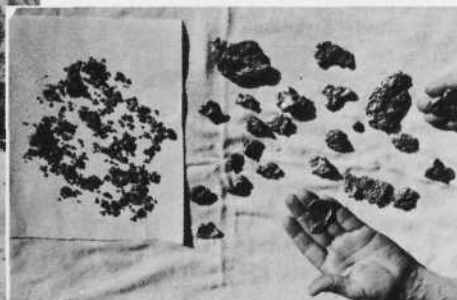


\$780,000 in Gold Nuggets Found on Mountain-Top

... and There's Still
More to be Found!



Searching for gold nuggets



A valuable collection of gold nuggets
found with a metal detector

Arizona history books record an occasion where three men, in 1863, found \$1,800 worth of natural-occurring gold nuggets in *one day*, using only butcher knives for digging. The strike eventually produced \$780,000 in gold nuggets, with \$500,000 worth coming from just one acre on top of a mountain. The surrounding area eventually produced over \$20,000,000 in gold, and is still producing some gold today, although it is almost a ghost town.

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object, about which local stories have been circulated for years, don't give your competition easy clues. You may dig several holes in your quest, but never leave one uncovered at night-fall! You may return to the site again to find it enlarged and the object gone!

Unusual landmarks lured former residents to bury their hordes where they could easily be later found. A burier would naturally hide his valuables where time could not conceal them. Trees grow larger or burn down, but objects like rocks, hilltops, ravines—these are more or less permanent in the span of a lifetime.

Another common misconception is the *depth* at which treasure is likely to be buried. Many old timers may have buried objects in a hurry, with a posse after them. A man in a hurry would not dig a deep hole. People who have found such treasures say they are surprisingly near the surface, perhaps a foot or less.

Because of this tendency to bury objects fairly lightly, you will not need a heavy-duty detector with great range. The common transistor detector of normal range will reach down as deeply as you'll ever need to go for ordinary treasure hunting.

Battlefield relics and frontier souvenirs are commonly found in the sub-soil rather than down deep. Experts claim that the average depths at which common objects can be located with a good detector are three or four inches for a small coin or about 8 or 9 inches for a silver dollar. Coins in a bag lie about a foot deep, a coffee-can full of coins, about 3 feet, an iron pot or kettle full of coins, gold, or silver, about 4 feet down. A big metal chest, perhaps 5 feet. That's about maximum for ordinary objects with a standard detector.

Some of the most satisfied treasure seekers are historians who, with a detector, may unearth a chest full of rare books, maps, or historical newspapers.

Dry riverbeds may be fruitful in some areas, especially if the channel was once used during flood season for boat navigation. Many ships of the day were sunk, capsized, or lost without trace. And many cargos of these ships have been located with a metal detector.

Sometimes your register dial will be more reliable than the audible tone. For example, if the needle flows gently up and down, chances are the buried object is an ore deposit. But if the reading is sharply defined—quick up and quick down—chances are good that it's a metallic object.

False readings sometimes occur for strange reasons. It may be a pocket of ore at 30-feet deep, for example. One fellow told me that when he is suspicious of a false reading, he stands over the exact site and, holding the detector at arm's length, turns in a full circle while standing in one spot. If the audible signal changes, no good, no dig. If it remains unchanged then he digs.

For whatever reason you seek a metal detector, be assured that it is one of the most potentially rewarding—and least expensive—hobbies possible. It's family recreation, costing less than a small outboard motor. Operational costs with a good instrument are too small to be considered in most cases. Once the initial investment is made, proper care should assure years of service and a lifetime of excitement! *///*

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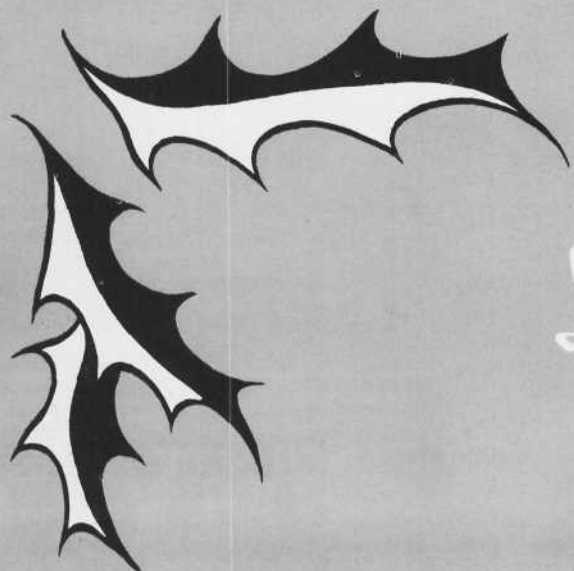
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Desert Holiday Ideas

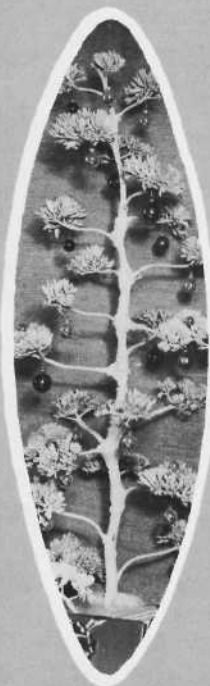
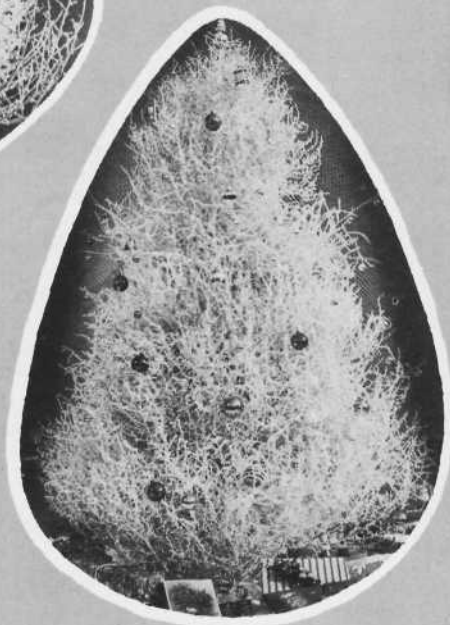
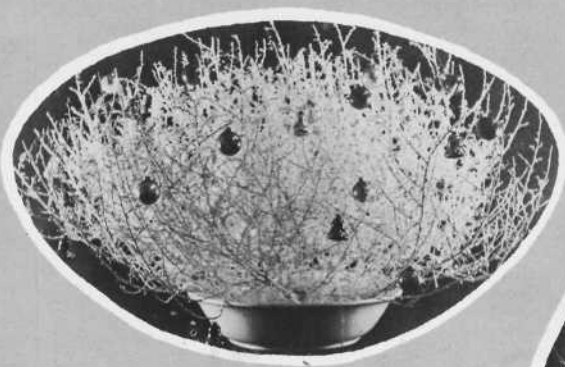
By Louise Price Bell

THERE IS no section of the country where originality and ingenuity in Yuletide decorations are more displayed than in the desert. Away from ice, snow, biting wintry blasts and slippery streets, both native and transplanted Southwesterners delight in trying to dream up regional effects, often trekking into the desert to hunt for interesting and adaptable materials.

They might snitch blooms of Century plants from their own sunny patios, spray them silver or white, decorate them with Christmas tree ornaments and "plant" them in containers filled with plaster-of-Paris. Sometimes they trip to Baja California to collect a turtle shell from an Ensenada marketplace, or create miniature Nativity scenes in empty shells of desert tortoise. They might even silver a common Sotol blossom, or Desert Spoon, push tiny red balls onto its spiky ends and mount it on a tree holder. Only in the desert could families create Christmas trees like this.

And only in the desert would the tumbling tumble weed hold a place of dignity, trimmed to form a plump tree or to soften the glow of a light buried in a bowl.

Easterners often say, "It can't seem like Christmas in a sunny, warm desert with no snow." But these people are very wrong. The spirit of Christmas prevails everywhere and it takes more than a lack of snow, ice, low temperatures and even sleigh bells to make desert dwellers lose interest in this most beloved of all seasons. ///



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PIONEERING IN DULZURA

by Dorothy Clark Schmid

The historian, the gold mine en-
thusiast, and the ghost town chaser
will find some really new and authen-
tic material in Mrs. Schmid's book
about her early California family
home in the mountains not far from
San Diego.

Because this area of the O t a y
Mountains has been neglected by his-
torians, Mrs. Schmid's research had
to take place on the spot. Moving
from San Francisco in 1950, she re-
turned to her childhood home and
for six years devoted herself to this
book.

Dulzura's past was lively, but not
in the raucous sense of Nevada's min-
ing towns. On the contrary, it's as
homey as rock candy, grape jelly and
paraffin wax. Mrs. Schmid writes with
tenderness and humor of its people—
the local Indians, the Brattons, Wal-
kers, Clarks, Hagenbucks, Schecklers
and others who contributed to the
gossip and development of the region
and who, in retrospect, were some-
times noble, sometimes false.

Well illustrated with photos col-
lected from family albums, PION-
EER IN DULZURA is published by
Robert R. Knapp of San Diego, Cali-
fornia. Hardcover. 168 pages. \$3.50.

THE ANTIQUE BOTTLE COLLECTOR

by Grace Kendrick

"Aristocrats of the nation are giv-
ing the junkman real competition in
our old dumps," writes Mrs. Kend-
rick, as she points out that great
grandpa's discarded whiskey flask
might today bring a fancier price
than his spouse's soup tureen.

The bottle hobby is so new that its
popularity has preceded scientific
data. Most collectors aren't sure

whether they have a treasure or a
piece of junk.

After enormous research, both from
material published in this country
and abroad, Mrs. Kendrick has writ-
ten one of the most revealing of the
bottle books published to date.

In it she points out that there's
more to this hobby than the digging.
Astute collectors first canvas their ter-
ritory, picking the minds of old
timers, establishing dates when a
ghost town or mining camp flour-
ished, and pin-pointing the village
dumps.

Published by Western Printing and
Publishing Company, Sparks, Nev-
ada, THE ANTIQUE BOTTLE
COLLECTOR is a 68 page paper
back and sells for \$2.00.

GREAT DAYS IN THE WEST

by Kent Ruth

Probably no one but an accom-
plished travel writer could recreate
147 of the great frontier forts, posts
and rendezvous west of the Missis-
sippi and make the reader want to
visit every one of them today.

Kent Ruth does just that. Two
pages of his 308 page book are de-
voted to each site and they are well
illustrated with both historical and
current photographs. Ruth writes of
such memorable events as a Chinese
burial in Silver City, Idaho, where
the local American band played
"There'll be a Hot Time in the Old
Town Tonight" for the processional
and "Down Went McGinty" as the
body was lowered into the grave.

He recalls the gaudiest, biggest real
estate boom of Los Angeles history
when the Atchison, Topeka and
Santa Fe advertised the trip from
Kansas City to Los Angeles for one
dollar, back in 1886.

GREAT DAYS IN THE WEST,
written with color and style, will hold

(Continued on Page 38)

Christmas at the desert-southwest art gallery

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PALM DESERT, CALIFORNIA

CAMERA

Edited By Frank Jensen

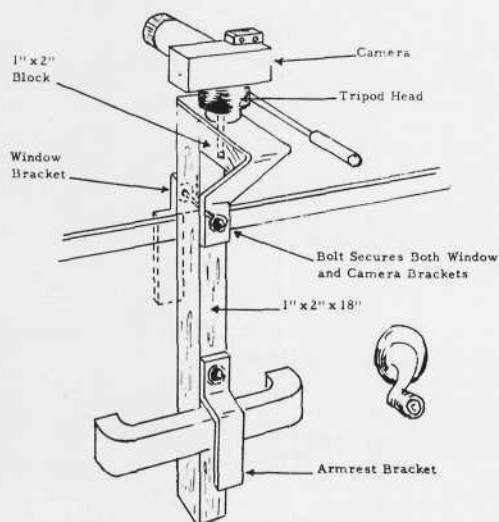
(An ingenious car-door tripod created by Ronald H. Wauer, Springdale, Utah, is the subject of this month's Desert Camera)

How many times have you sat in your automobile and watched a wild animal not far from the roadside? Your slightest movement away from the car, however, will send the deer, coyote, roadrunner, or whatever it may be, out of range.

I have found that a car-door tripod is an extremely useful tool at a time like this. You may remain in the car, which acts as a blind, and photograph for as long as you wish.

A tripod can be constructed for as little as \$1.50. You need a few scraps of tin, a 1"x2" piece of wood 18 inches long, a few bolts, and a small tripod head. Almost all camera stores carry an inexpensive tripod head.

I have obtained excellent photographs during recent years using this set-up. With a 360 mm Schneider lens and a Miranda camera, I have photographed deer in Yosemite, elk in the Tetons, a western kingbird near Hollister, California, peccary in Saguaro, and herons, avocets and wild burro in Death Valley. ///



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TRIP OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 27)

maitre d' who concocted one of the finest salads we've ever enjoyed. Our host, Bob Bennett, who manages the Imperial Valley Development Agency, said there are many other Brawley dining rooms equally impressive.

He also explained why Imperial County is becoming the collectors' center of California. It contains the widest variety of gems, minerals and fossils of any county in California. One of the reasons for this rich, endless variety is because sections of three geological ages are exposed, plus the presence of a large glacial float which abounds in materials normally found in other states, such as Montana

agate, Arizona petrified wood, and jasper and fossils not native to the region.

As yet, we won't commit ourselves to the mania of rockhounding, but if we ever do, we'll surely return to Brawley where we can profitably "rough it" by day and relax in air-conditioned comfort by night. ///

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• **LOST DESERT BONANZAS** by Eugene Conrotto. Known facts about more than 100 lost mines of the Southwest, as condensed from a quarter century of articles that appeared in *Desert Magazine*. 91 maps by Norton Allen. 248 pages. Hard cover. Four-color dust jacket. \$6.50.

• **OLD TIME CATTLEMEN AND OTHER PIONEERS OF THE ANZA-BORREGO AREA** by Lester Reed. A personal recollection of the first ranchers and cowmen who roamed the area from Borrego Valley to Anza, Hemet, Aguanga and Temecula. Also, a chapter on the Indians of the area, and early homesteaders and prospectors. More than 50 historic photos. Spiral bound cover. 148 pages. \$3.50.

• **NAVAJO RUGS—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE** by Gil Maxwell. A historical background to modern Navajo rugs, a description of various types and areas. Map of trading posts on the Navajo Reservation. 20 four-color photos plus many black-and-white pictures. The author is one of America's top Navajo rug authorities. Extensive bibliography. Paper cover. \$2.00.

— Also —

Two Continuing Favorites (Perfect Christmas Gifts)

★ **PAINTERS OF THE DESERT** by Ed Ainsworth. Biographies of 13 artists who found their inspiration in the desert southwest. Chapters devoted to Maynard Dixon, Clyde Forsythe, Jimmy Swinnerton, Nicolai Fechin, Carl Eytel, Paul Lauritz, Conrad Buff, Don Perceval, John Hilton, Orpha Klinker, Burt Procter, Brownell McGrew, and Bill Bender. 110 pages, 14 four-color reproductions. Many black-and-whites. Beautiful cover and dust jacket \$11.00.

★ **PHOTO ALBUM OF YESTERDAY'S SOUTHWEST** compiled by Charles E. Shelton. Ornately bound collection of early day southwestern photographs, some 100 years old. 195 historic pictures, most never before published. 192 pages on high quality stock. Embossed picture album cover, black and gold. Shows the real face of the Southwest, the prospectors, Indians, explorers, cowboys, gamblers, military, and land promoters. Stagecoaches, river boats. \$15.00.

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New Books

(Continued from Page 36)

as much interest for collectors of western lore as it will travelers on the highways of today. Published by the University of Oklahoma Press, it's hard cover. \$12.50.

FATHER OF PREHISTORY, The Abbe Henri Breuil: His life and Times. By Alan Houghton Brodrick.

The Abbe Breuil, during his lifetime that ended in 1961, became the world's leading authority on the interpretation of prehistoric art. It was he who in 1901 maintained, against all scholarly opinions, that the painted caves of Northern Spain and the French Dordogne were examples of paleolithic art.

The Abbe was somewhat unique in the way of priests. He had little regard for priestly apparel, being more concerned with the practical. Much of his time was spent in caves where ceilings were low, so on his head he wore a beret stuffed with newspapers to soften the frequent blows. When work took him into Portugal's sunlight, he protected his face with a blue sunbonnet, often neglecting to shed it after work. Because this caused a stir on the streets of Lisbon, a friend once suggested that a sunbonnet was a "female hat."

"That's the first time I've heard that hats have got a sex," the good Abbe grumbled.

Author Brodrick has managed to describe all of the prehistoric ages and glacial ages in an unjumbled, comprehensive manner that will please the layman. He also includes some fascinating bits of useless information guaranteed to make your next cocktail party a success—only men and apes snore; long-lived men have short statures (who's ever heard of a six-foot-two centenarian?); and the rumps of Hottentot women seen on the street today are every bit as steatopygous as those of Late Stone Age statues dug up near Monte Carlo!

In tune with current interest in archeology and prehistoric man, **FATHER OF PREHISTORY** proves an entertaining contribution. Western readers should find it of particular interest in that the Abbe Breuil's interpretations of European and African aborigine cave paintings and rock art make interesting comparisons to those of our own stone age man.

Published by William Morrow and Company, Inc., this 306 page book is illustrated with line drawings and priced at \$5.00. ///

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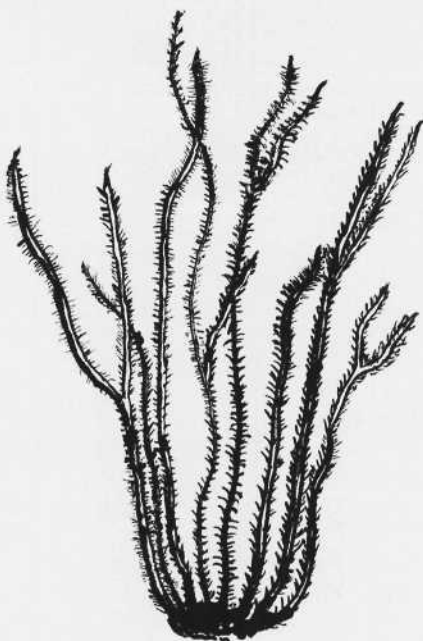
Fifth of a series of articles exploring the uses made of natural desert growth by prehistoric Indians.

The tall, thorny ocotillo is not a cactus, as many desert dwellers believe, but is a shrub closely related to the primrose and olive. Early Indians ate its lovely red flowers as well as the small seed pods which followed, but most of all they prized its sweet nectar for flavoring a popular drink. This beverage, concocted by brewing the blossoms in water, was the prehistoric man's cola — a spring tonic guaranteed to lift lethargic spirits.

Another stimulating beverage was made from the ephedra plant, popularly called Mormon tea. Even today twigs of this brush are purchased from health-food stores by people who believe it has a beneficial effect upon the kidneys. In addition to a brew, Indians used ephedra to bathe open sores. There might have been some merit to this cure, as an immense amount of tannin is contained in its foliage.

For a staple food, Indian squaws collected the beans of catsclaw and honey mesquite found in most dry desert washes. Both of these plants are legumes, members of the pea family, and because of an odd situation contributed more to the Indian diet than might be expected. As beans formed on the plant, little weevils laid eggs within their tender pods which hatched about the time the beans were ripe for gathering. As a result, the Indians not only profited dietetically from the vegetable, but acquired protein from the weevil's larvae as well.

By-products of mesquite and catsclaw also performed a function. Their



OCOTILLO

bark was pummeled into a cloth used to diaper babies. From the same stems exuded a gum chewed by children similar to that of brittle bush, except that this was also used for black dye and as a pottery cement. Imagine the faces of children after chewing a substance like that!

Indirectly, mesquite supplied our primitive populace with a favorite treat. A parasitic plant known as mistletoe grew on its branches during certain times of the year and produced berries which the Indians dipped into hot water and ate like candy. There's no recorded indication, though, that the Indians were cognizant of the treat delivered by modern man's mistletoe! ///

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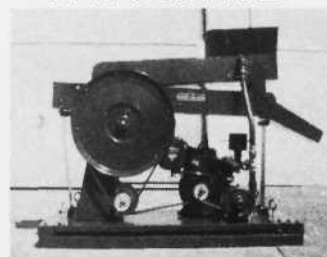
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- Classified rates are 20c per word, \$4 minimum per insertion.

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DESERT TRILOGY

By STANLEY CHENEY

HIGH NOON

SUN! . . . jealous overhead
For the peace of a placid land
Protesting fire with fury
On a sea of unyielding sand.

EDICT

A mountain
erupted the horizon
saying
I will take charge,
I am king here
and
the sands about
obeyed.

RESPITE

THE desert stings
The day with fire;
Yet evening brings
A softer lyre
As camplight springs
In mute attire,
A coyote sings
And men retire.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

(*DESERT* invites letters and answers to letters which are of general interest or informative to other readers).

Chia . . .

To the Editor: I've had a great many calls and letters regarding the article on CHIA in the October issue, some of them extremely heartrending, from folks who seemingly need help.

Most people inquiring wish for a few of the seeds to plant next winter for their own use, or possibly to get in on the ground floor of a new industry, but I simply can't spare them because of planting commitments I have made for next year.

For those who might like to try to find them in the desert:

The plants grow in many Southern California locations, some having been reported from around Moosa Canyon, near Pala, on Highway 78. They seem to grow anywhere sage or cacti thrive.

I've seen them up around Rosamond, in the hills beyond Antelope Valley, in profusion around Randsburg and Johannesburg, and two-hundred miles away, in the New York and Providence Mountains.

Perhaps the best time to search for them would be in the very early spring, ahead of the wildflowers. I believe the reason they are found generally in the higher areas, and on the north slopes, is because there they find moisture over periods long enough to bring them to maturity.

Each year, like the wildflowers, the time for harvesting CHIA varies. It depends as the flowers do, on winter's rains and melting snows. I nearly always have to make a couple of trips. As soon as the little blue flowers die out of the seed buttons, the buttons begin turning straw color, and the pods open. The first breeze that comes up after that, or animal touches them, the tiny seeds shake out.

I'm almost certain that seeds gathered in April, which is generally the latest you'll find them with seeds still in the buttons, can be propagated over the summer months. Under cultivation, I believe they will grow and mature any time of the year in frost-free locations. Anyway, I'm going to try this next year.

At any rate, it makes for a wonderful hobby, both gathering and raising CHIA. You obtain health and well-being both ways!

HARRISON DOYLE
Vista, Calif.

Tramway . . .

To the Editor: We had read in *DESERT* about the building of the tramway, so came to Palm Springs to celebrate both our wedding anniversary and the opening of the Tramway. After that thrilling experience, we especially enjoyed Jack Pepper's article so we could, through *DESERT's* pages, revisit those beautiful mountains.

MILDRED WILLOUGHBY
Independence, Missouri

To the Editor: Thanks for the wilderness plugs in the Tramway story (October). We like to have both sides of controversies printed honestly, as you've done. However, we're on the side of Nature's unspoiled outdoor artistry and "agin" man's so-called developments.

THE GEORGE MUNFORDS
Detroit, Michigan

Sharp-Eyed Reader . . .

To the Editor: I don't know whether to congratulate Jack Pepper on at last establishing two Californias or to accuse him for not knowing his state. In his tramway article in the October issue he referred to San Jacinto as California's second highest peak.

This would be correct, if one were willing to overlook some 50 higher peaks in this state, not including Whitney. However, San Jacinto is the second highest peak in Southern California, defined as being bound on the north by the San Bernardino Mountains, San Geronimo being the highest peak.

J. H. FARRELL
Douglas County, Nevada

Publisher's comment: *After 11 hours on a horse exploring Mt. San Jacinto, it felt like the highest mountain in the world!*—J.P.

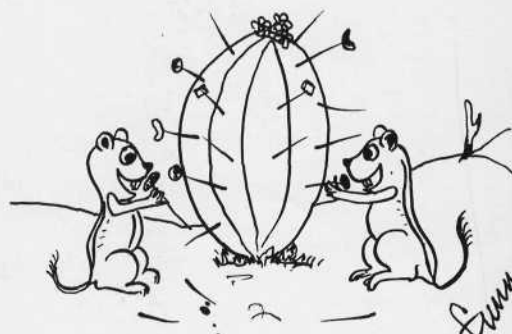
Wild Hare . . .

To the Editor: Will you kindly send me a recipe for Wild Hare cooked in red wine?

CLARENCE BAMBERGER
Salt Lake City

Here is a recipe contributed by Beverly Pepper, author of "See Rome and Eat:"

1 wild hare, 1 small stalk chopped celery, 1 chopped shallot (or onion), 1 chopped carrot, 1 minced garlic clove, 2 bay leaves, 1 tsp. juniper berries, salt and pepper, red wine to cover, toasted bread. Cut hare into serving pieces. Put in an earthenware casserole with celery, onion, carrot, garlic, bay leaves, juniper berries, salt and pepper, and sufficient red wine to cover the hare. Set aside to marinate for 2 days. When ready, dry pieces with paper towels. Brown quickly in butter. Add marinade. Simmer, tightly covered, until hare is tender. Remove to hot serving dish. Strain sauce over meat. Serve with toasted or fried bread spread with the sauce.



"Great party. Love those hors d'oeuvres!"

FIRST PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

The editorial staff of Desert Magazine has selected the first winners of the new Desert Photo Contest announced in the October issue. We received many excellent photographs, but they can't all be selected. We hope those who sent entries will send more, and those who have not yet submitted photographs will do so. As we stated when we started the contest:

The Southwest is a land of changing moods . . . a land where contrast is the keynote and where the blazing desert in the afternoon turns into pastel shades in the evening . . . where rugged mountains change their shapes from dawn to dusk and where wildlife just for a fleeting instant can be captured on film.

In many of these instances Desert Magazine readers are there . . . at the right place at the right second. In order to bring Desert readers these captured moods and moments we are resuming the Photo Contest started years ago by Randall Henderson, founder of Desert Magazine.

FIRST PRIZE will be \$15; SECOND PRIZE, \$8. For non-winning pictures accepted for publication \$3 each will be paid. Although not part of the contest, Desert is also interested in viewing 4x5 color transparencies for possible front cover use. We pay \$25 per transparency. Both black-and-white and color are for first publication rights only.

PHOTO CONTEST RULES

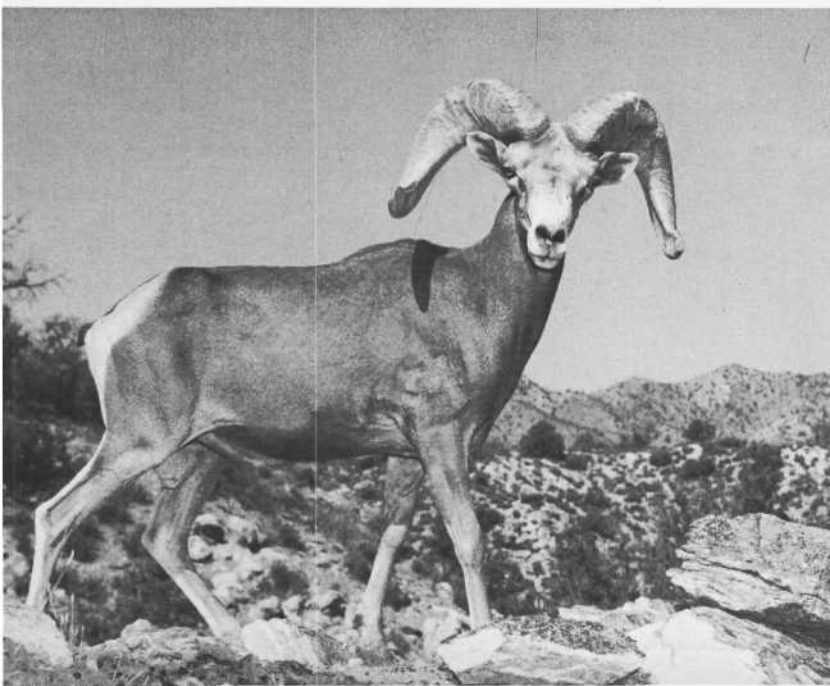
1—Prints for monthly contests must be black and white, 5x7 or larger, printed on glossy paper.

2—Each photograph submitted should be fully labeled as to subject, time and place. Also technical data: camera, shutter speed, hour of day, etc.

3—PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED ONLY WHEN RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED.

4—All entries must be in the Desert Magazine office by the 20th of the contest month.

5—Contests are open to both amateur and professional photographers. Desert Magazine requires first publication rights only of prize winning pictures.



First Prize ▲

CATHEDRAL GORGE STORM

Irene J. Brennan

Boulder City, Nevada

Storm approaching Cathedral Gorge State Park, near Pioche, Nevada. Imaginative persons can see skull in lower central portion. *Data:* Rollei-flex 4x4 cm. Verichrome Pan, f 5.6 at 1/60 sec.

◀ Second Prize

THE DESERT BIGHORN

Bob Leatherman

San Bernardino, California

Naturalist Leatherman was only 9 feet from this ram when he took the picture at 10 a.m. on the high desert, around 4,000 feet elevation. *Data:* 2¼x3¼ Crown Graphic, Schneider f4.5 105mm lens, Panchro Press Type B, f 16 at 1/100 sec.

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Birds of the Southwest



Whether you are a rugged outdoor bird watcher equipped with binoculars, a backyard hammock bird watcher or an armchair book watcher these back issues are for the birds—and you. IN ADDITION TO THE ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES ON BIRDS OF THE SOUTHWEST THE REGULAR BACK ISSUES LISTED ALSO CONTAIN DOZENS OF OTHER STORIES AND PICTURES ON THE SOUTHWEST.

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